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The Battle.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER, BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

Heavy and solemn,
A cloudy column,
Through the green plain they marching came!
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the wild, grim dice of the iron game.
Looks are bent on the shaking ground,
Hearts beat loud with a knelling sound;
Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt,
Gallops the major along the front—
"Halt!"
And fettered they stand at the stark command,
And the warriors, silent, halt.

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?
"See you the foeman's banners waving?"
"We see the foeman's banners waving!"
"God be with you, children and wife!"
Hark to the music—the trump and fife—
How they ring through the ranks which they rouse to the strife!
Thrilling they sound, with their glorious tone—
Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone!
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

See the smoke, how the lightning is cleaving asunder!
Hark! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!
From host to host, with kindling sound,
The shooting signal circles round;
Ay, shout it forth to life or death—
Freer already breathes the breath!
The war is waging, slaughter raging,
And heavy through the reeking pall
The iron death-dice fall!
Nearer they close—foes upon foes—
"Ready!"—from square to square it goes.

They kneel as one man, from flank to flank,
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank.
Many a soldier to earth is sent,
Many a gap by the balls is rent;
O'er the corse before springs the hinder man,
That the line may not fail to the fearless van.
To the right, to the left, and around, and around
Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.
God's sunlight is quenched by the fiery fight,
Over the host falls a brooding night!
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come, that we meet once more!

The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood,
And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corses that sleep below.
"What! Francis!—give Charlotte my last farewell!"
As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell.—
"I'll give—O God! are their guns so near?
Oh, comrades!—yon volley!—look sharp to the rear!—
I'll give to my Charlotte my last farewell;
Sleep soft! where death thickest descendeth in rain,
The friend thou forsakest thy side may regain!"
Hitherward, hitherward reels the fight;
Dark and more darkly day glooms into night;
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come, that we meet once more!

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!
The adjutant's flying—
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
Their thunder booms, in dying—
Victory!
Terror has seized on the dastards all,
And their colors fall!
Victory!
Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight;
And the day, like the conqueror, bursts on the night.
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
The triumph already sweeps marching in song—
Farewell, fallen brothers: though this life is o'er,
There's another, in which we shall meet you once more.

THE CONSCRIPT.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CONCLUDED.

The old gentleman took the girl's hand with a smile of compassionate sympathy, as he replied—

"Calm yourself, my child; it is nothing! We were on our way to help him. Don't be alarmed, my girl; it is only weakness. Your friend has been over-fatigued. Come along, and don't be distressed."

Kate scarcely understood what he uttered, for it seemed so odd to find at once the very things she wanted, that, in her innocence, she fancied it another miraculous intervention of the Virgin. She stared with joyous stupefaction at the gentle and consoling face, as he said to her—

"You are a noble girl to show so much interest for that poor soldier. Whence do you come with him? From Venloo, is it not?"

"From Venloo, sir. It's very far from here."

"And did you carry the knapsack on your back during the whole journey?

"Yes, sir," answered Kate; "he is blind, and can't walk well, because he don't see before him. We were in a hurry. I am strong and well. There! look at my poor friend, as pale as death!" A torrent of tears burst from her as she gazed at poor John, and sobbed, "He won't *die*, sir?—he won't *die*, will he?"

The old gentleman stooped down to examine the sufferer. His servant placed the bottles on the ground, and, without waiting his master's orders, raised John's head with one hand, while with the other he untied his cravat and opened his waistcoat. In the mean time the old gentleman was engaged in bathing the sufferer's temples and face, while Kate, who had knelt down, watched anxiously the movements of her new-found friends and every expression that flitted over their faces.

Unskilled as she was, she soon observed that they were accustomed to deal with sick people, and was instantly satisfied that the elder must be a physician. The thought consoled and encouraged her.

"Major," said the servant, "this reminds one of Sebina de Alba, in Spain. My heart thumps when I think of it."

"Our poor friend Captain Steens, wasn't it? This is a deep swoon. Give me the small bottle."

"Yes, I think I see him still; the Captain was just so, on his back against an orange tree. He left his bones at Vittoria—the brave fellow! That was a life?—cutting, slashing, hacking, hewing! Many a wound did we dress that day. I was blood from head to foot; and so were you, Major!"

"I feel his heart beating; he will soon come to," remarked the doctor.

"The servant raised John's eyelids with his finger, and exclaimed—

"He's blind!—the soldier's malady! We know enough of that, alas! But stay! look at his left eye, Major; It's not entirely gone, I think."

Kate uttered a faint cry of delight as she detected the first glimmer of returning life in her lover's face, and now perceived that he began to move his arms. In a very short time John was restored to perfect consciousness under the influence of powerful restoratives, and began to feel the clothes of his various attendants.

"Where am I? What has happened to me?" were the first words he spoke; and then, waving his hands around in the vacant air—"Kate, dear Kate," said he, "where are you?"

The grateful girl seized his hands joyously, as she exclaimed—

"Here, here, John, my love! Thank God that it happened to you here? Kind friends are around you, and they say that your left eye is *not* lost!"

"Whoever you may be, God bless you, murmured the poor conscript.

"Comrade," said the servant, "let us try if we can stand up. Cheer up, man, and we'll soon do it."

With this he took John by the left shoulder, while the doctor helped him on the other side, and together they managed to get him on his feet.

Kate fancied that the attentions of her protectors were about to terminate with this effort, and began immediately to pour fourth her gratitude—

"I'm a poor peasant girl, gentlemen, and John is not rich; but as long as we live we will remember you in our prayers and bless your kindness. Don't trouble yourselves any more, kind sirs; let him sit down on the grass and rest a little. I'll put some linen around his feet, for we must go on to the village for the night. May God grant you health and happiness on earth and joy in paradise!"

"No, no," answered the old gentleman, "follow me! You are worthy people, and I don't want you to continue your tiresome journey at present. Our young comrade shall not depart without rest and refreshment. We must see if I cannot do something to reward your generous devotion, my child."

"We have still got some bottles of our old Spanish wine, which would bring a dead man to life!" added the servant; "and that's the only medicine he wants. Only wait an hour, my girl, and you wont know him!"

"Oh, gentlemen," murmured Kate, "do whatever your Christian souls tell you. When I behold your goodness I can't talk. Bless you, bless you, a thousand times, my dear benefactors!"

Sustained on either side by the old gentleman and his servant, John walked along heavily towards the house; and, as they passed through the garden, Kate drew near the servant's ear and spoke to him in a low tone.

"Tell me, friend," said she, "is your master a doctor?"

"Doctor?" echoed the serving-man. "He was surgeon-major under Napoleon! We have cut off arms and legs enough to fill the whole of yonder road, and that's not saying a little."

"Does he know how to cure eyes, my friend?"

"Of course he does, and a little better than all the surgeons of the present day. There are many of our old comrades who owe their sight to him."

"Oh, my good fellow, if you would be only kind enough to ask him to look at John's eyes a little! God knows but he might be able to cure him!"

"Let him alone, my girl, he'll do it of his own accord. Soldiers have hearts yet! John won't get away from here so quickly as you may think!"

"If you can help us at all, or say a good word, I will be eternally grateful to you."

"There's no need of asking me, for 'whoever names a soldier names a comrade,' as the proverb says. I told you he would soon be better. It's hardly necessary for me to hold him up any more."

In a moment more they crossed the threshold and were ushered into a handsomely-furnished apartment. The old gentleman led John to a large easy-chair, and made him sit down with his back to the light. Then, handing a key to his follower the latter left the apartment, but quickly returned with a tray, containing a bottle and two glasses. As he passed Kate he whispered in her ear,—

"That's the wine to raise the dead! You shall see for yourself!"

Kate did not understand him distinctly, and watched the benevolent physician as he held a glass filled with the red, transparent liquid to the blind man's lips.

"Oh, my good sir! what's this?" cried John, with astonishment, after swallowing some drops of the generous liquor. "How it warms my heart! Thanks, thanks, sir! I feel very hungry!"

"*Already*, comrade? We must not get on quite so fast! Let us dress your foot first, and then we will look at your eyes. Come here, my child, I was near forgetting you. Sit down in this chair; and do you, Fritz, give her a glass of wine immediately."

While the servant was talking to Kate and dilating on the marvellous virtues of the Spanish wine, the old gentleman dressed John's foot, washed his eyes with a liquid, anointed them with a white salve, and closed the window curtains to soften the light.

"Now open your eyes, my friend," said he, "and try whether you can distinguish any thing."

John opened his lids, and for some moments said nothing, though the physician repeated his question. His rolling orbs seemed seeking for some object, till suddenly, with a sharp cry he rose from the chair, stretched forth his arms, and walked toward Kate who stood up looking at him with feverish anxiety, while the servant withheld her from rushing into his proffered embrace.

"Kate! Kate!" exclaimed he, "*I am not blind!*—this time I am sure it is true! I shall see them all at home again! Ah! I see that you have your red handkerchief on."

The poor girl embraced him in spite of their efforts, and murmured some unintelligible words which seemed rather groans than expressions of joy. The doctor hastened to separate him from his sweetheart, and, making him resume his seat, readjusted the green visor.

"You say," remarked the old gentleman, "that you saw your friend Kate with a red handkerchief. I think that's impossible. Don't you deceive yourself?"

"I see only a gray shadow now," said John, "but when I began to lose my sight I remarked that, in dark places, red appeared deeper than other colors. That's the reason that I know the handkerchief is red."

"I supposed so," said the doctor. "Now let us proceed prudently;" and, turning to the servant,—"Fritz," continued he, "take your comrade to the kitchen and give him some bread and meat,—a half ration only, recollect, and no more. When he has done, put him in the little chamber and let him go to sleep. He wants rest. Tell the waiting-maid to bring something for this good girl to eat."

The surgeon's factotum was no sooner out of the room than Kate fell on her knees at the feet of her venerable benefactor, embracing his knees, but entirely unable to utter a word. He tried to raise her, yet she resisted all his efforts, and at length, lifting her bright blue eyes to his, the tardy language came to her relief:

"Oh! sir, sir! God will bless you for your goodness to poor peasants like us. I cannot utter all I feel, but I would willingly give ten years of my life in order that you might live so much longer!"

The doctor raised Kate, after her heart had been relived by this outpouring of gratitude, and led her to the table, while he spoke a few words of encouragement and consolation. The servant-girl soon made her appearance with a tray of refreshment, from which the poor traveller speedily finished a very excellent and substantial meal. While she was eating, the old gentleman seated himself beside her, encouraging her to go on, and as soon as he saw that she was satisfied, he gently placed her hand in his, and asked her to tell him whence she came,—if she had parents,—where they lived,—and how it happened that she was making such a journey alone with the blind conscript.

Kate began to speak with her straightforward simplicity of the cottages, the conscription, her old mother, of grandfather, of Paul, and of John's departure. But when she recounted her troubles in re-

joining her blind lover at Venloo—how she was near fainting with joy when the officer promised to send the luckless conscript home—how she dreamed of the Virgin, and what John and she said to each other on the road—a deep sympathy took possession of the old campaigner's heart, and many a compassionate tear moistened his kind and earnest eyes.

Kate concealed nothing. She stated frankly all the incidents of her miraculous dream, her promised marriage with John, and all she was anxious to do to soften his deplorable fate. She repeated also all that her lover had said, and all he had vowed to accomplish if it should please God to restore him to sight.

When she closed her long and touching narrative by a reiteration of gratitude, her listener remained silent for a considerable time with his eyes fixed on the ground, as if plunged in deep meditation.

"My child," said he at last, "you have done right. You are a good and generous girl, and God has heard your prayers. It is he who led you hither and permits me to do an act of goodness. I will use all my skill and experience to cure your friend's left eye, and I have reason to believe I will be successful. You shall sleep here to-night, and to-morrow we will think of what is to be done. In the meanwhile rest or walk in the garden, as you wish; and if you want anything, call the maid or my servant-man, who, I am sure, will run off their legs to do you a kindness. I must leave you for the evening. Farewell!"

Next morning a carriage passed through the doctor's gateway. On its front bench Fritz was whistling a gay tune and whipping the horse to hasten his movements. On the back seat was John, with his visor down, and Kate by his side, rejoicing over the homeward drive and the prospect of his restoration.

"Won't they be astonished to see us coming home like lords?" cried Kate, clapping her hands. "And then, John—only think of it—there's no longer a doubt of your perfect cure! The doctor told me so, and Fritz says that he works miracles in his art and never makes a mistake!"

"*En avant*, Marengo!" shouted Fritz to the horse. The dust rolled in clouds from beneath the wheels, and the surgeon's cabriolet was soon hidden among the houses of the village.

CHAPTER VIII.

One day, while I was wandering alone across a heath, enjoying in fancy the various impressions excited by the wild and dreary nature of the prospect, a storm gathered suddenly on the horizon.

A strange and often a terrible picture is presented to a spectator who finds himself on a vast plain on a hot summer day and watches the clouds, surcharged with thunder, as they mount the dome of heaven and knot themselves together in dark and stormy masses. It seems as if Nature herself were undergoing the pangs of mortal agony. The sun becomes pale, emitting a feeble light; the air is heavy and suffocating; the cattle leave their fields for shelter; the bees dart to their hives like arrows through the thickening air; every branch and leaf is still; the humblest plants shut their flowers and expand their protecting leaves; everything is hushed and waiting in solemn, appalling silence. An indescribable motion, compounded of wonder, awe, admiration and anxiety, enwraps the poet's heart; for, in the midst of the general terror of the hour, his soul rejoices in the strength that allows him to behold with calmness these sublime phenomena of nature in all their magnificent grandeur.

Soon the clouds begin to clash together; an impetuous, disorderly rush succeeds the boding calm; for a while the hurricane growls and roars, and then rushes forth as if lashed from its lair by the hand of God himself. It rends mysterious and dismal sighs from the tangled forest; sand and leaves are lifted in mighty whirlwinds to the skies; it tears and uproots the solitary trees! At length the thunder bursts forth, drowning all other noises by its tremendous voice; the lightning flings its brassy arrows through the air; the wild and wizard heath is on fire with glittering serpents—till, at last, torrents of water descend to earth, and the dreadful roar of the storm is followed by the monotonous pattering of rain.

It was on such a day that I had enjoyed the gathering of a storm over the plain till the first flashes of lightning warned me to seek shelter; and hardly had I crossed the sill of a comfortable cottage when the rain began to fall in a perfect deluge. The farm at which I obtained refuge on this occasion was entirely isolated on the heath; but, as I approached the dwelling, I could see that it was an oasis in the desert, surrounded by neat gardens, trim thickets and teeming fields.

On entering the house I found its inhabitants grouped in silent prayer around a lighted candle. The farmer alone observed my entrance, and, after pointing kindly to a chair, continued his devotions without noticing me further.

I am not ordinarily moved, like many folks, by the bursting of a violent storm, but on this occasion the earnest gathering in prayer of this humble family touched my heart so sensibly that I could not resist the impulse to join them on my knees before the God whose voice was thundering from the depths of heaven. With bared head and clasped hands I knelt beside the peasants; and the prayer I uttered in that solemn hour stirred such pure and gentle pulses in my heart that I felt as if the soiling breath of the world had never dimmed it.

For at least half an hour the vivid lightning flashed through the apartment, and, after each gleam, the peasants blessed themselves with the sign of the cross; but gradually the flashes became less frequent, the thunder fainter, till the storm died off across the distant plain. Still my hosts did not interrupt their prayers, but, rising from their knees and sitting in silence, gave me an opportunity to study each of them without observation.

The chief figure in the group was an old man of at least ninety, whose head and hands were constantly trembling, as if palsied; beside him were two old women; and farther on was a burly, stalwart peasant, one of whose eyes was sightless in its socket, while the other still sparkled brightly beneath its black and burly brow. By the side of the farmer sat a fresh, pretty woman, with an infant on her knee and a rosy boy and a bright little girl of seven or eight years at her feet. At the end of a table sat a very handsome youth, whose complexion, looks and demeanor indicated gentleness and intelligence.

After a while the farmer gave a signal, and all rose from their chairs with a final sign of the cross. Grandfather tottered to a seat in the chimney-corner, while the others approached me with the utmost kindness, insisting that I should remain in my refuge till the rain, which still fell abundantly, should entirely cease.

It required very little to make me perfectly at ease among people of such a character. At night I partook of their wholesome brown bread and shared their hospitable coffee; and, as I had nothing better to do than listen to the pleasant stories of the farmer and his wife, I did not quit the farm till morning.

The tale I have told you, dear reader, was related to me that night in the lonely dwelling which was once formed by two miserable hovels, but is now a commodious and well-stocked farm-house. John Braems and his wife Kate have accomplished what they promised in their hour of sorrow. All the family still survive, and God has blessed their love with three children. Grandfather, though he has one foot very deep in the grave, smokes his pipe and watches the cow-milkers; the two mothers, happy in their children's love, take care of the household and the cattle; while handsome Master Paul, who is uncommonly fond of horses, drives the cart to market and works lustily at harvest. Next Easter he is to marry the village shoemaker's youngest daughter; but that, dear reader, is, of course, told you confidentially, and your respect for this excellent family will compel you to keep it a profound secret.

But I must not neglect to mention that, although years have passed since the venerable surgeon restored poor John to sight, no sun ever sets on the humble roof-tree of that farm when his name is omitted in the prayers of the grateful peasants.

WILD WARRIORS—ZOUAVES AND TURCOS.—In spite of the modern improved regulations which tend to make war a matter of greater order and precision, as well as a deadlier and bloodier business than before, we find it taking a more attractive aspect, and exhibiting colors of greater gallantry and picturesqueness—looking more poetical, in fact. The present century, in many things, has finer tastes and ideas than the last, and this fact is very visible in military forms. What hideously-dressed fellows carried that noble banner of the French Republic, wreathed, as Beranger says, with laurels and flowers from one end of Europe to the other! What horrible, high black chokers! What frightful coat tails and coat collars! Then look at those Continentallers that won our own independence! Well, these last were better than their looks. We shall not say anything more on the matter, as folks in that uniform go about now-a-days, and sometimes pass through our streets. But we cannot deny that the appearance of all civilized armies in the past age was somewhat formal and heavy—showing more of the pipe-clay than the picturesque. The Scottish regiments were the only poetic-looking fighters of that time.

But we have changed all that. War has grown more brilliant, as well as the arts of the Crystal Palace. The gallant old trade looks better than ever, in spite of the peace societies, and armies wear a terribly aristocratic show of improvement. It is the French military *regime* that has reminded us of this. The war genius of those Gallo-Franks has recognized the necessity of a splendid or striking uniform, and several attractive features of the kind have been introduced under their flags. Among these are the regiments of Zouaves and Turcos—fierce inspiration gathered from the fiery soil of Hannibal and Jugurtha—Africa, that "arid nurse of lions," as Horace calls it, or *dry nurse*, if you like the expression.

The Zouaves were embodied by General Clausel, in 1831, as a native African force of Kabyles and Colouglis. Subsequently, Frenchmen and others were enrolled among them, and now the Zouave regiments are all European. The native element has been transferred to other regiments composed of Arabs and swarthy races of Algeria, styled Turcos. But the Zouaves, though belonging to the Japhetic races, feel themselves called upon to play a wild and formidable part in arms, and imitate the fierce *essor* of Shem or Ham. They have always played that free, bold *role*, and their acts of eccentric heroism and headlong desperation have been beyond counting, and very amazing to all easy-going people. They have the simplicity of the original jacktars, with the battle ferocity of Maylays. They know they are expected to be "dreadful," and they try to come up to that idea. Their dress seems appropriate to the part they play, being more Asiatic than European. They wear flat red caps, or fezes, huge trousers, and fierce moustaches that, with their brown complexions, complete the animated portrait of the Zouave.

Louis Napoleon, as if he did not like to see too near him such free, irregular-looking combatants, has put his Zouaves under the flag of Sardinia, and they do excellent service against the enemy. They make races at him. They take short cuts to him. They do not like any "firing at a foolish distance," but come to close quarters as soon as possible. The Parisians have a joke about the shyness of the Zouaves when cartridges are handed out—their sidling off, like young ladies when offered some confectionery, and at last using a dainty finger and thumb, and saying—"Well, I'll take *one*." The other day King Victor Emanuel showed so much pluck that they chose him to be their corporal, after supper in an old barn, and sent a sergeant next day with a deputation to notify his Majesty.

But they do shocking things sometimes. During that terrible affair at Palestro, while the Austrian battery was playing upon them from a height, and the Tyrolese Chasseurs firing through them from the high corn, they found themselves up to their waists in the canal waters they had to cross. It was a discouraging moment; their powder was wetted, and on the farther bank they found their baggy woollen trousers so heavy and clogging that they could not make their rapid rush at the guns. A savage Numidian thought strikes them. They kick off the woollens, and leave them; they rush up the slopes in a uniform which the Austrians never saw before, and, leaping with terrible alertness among the gunners, they carry the battery. It may be observed, in excuse of this behavior, that the men were accustomed to light linen trousers, and the rash act grew out of their natural impatience at such a trying moment.

As for the *Turcos*—they are still more savage-looking than the Zouaves—being Africans by birth, swarthy-faced Arabs, Numidians, and negroes, they do the bravest things, but in the wildest way. They like to sleep outside their tents in the open air, and sometimes eat their meat rations raw. They have no fear of men in line, or even batteries; but, like the brave Scottish Highlanders of 1745, they are terrified by the hostility of a horse. The quadruped, with his *quatit ungula campum*, seems to them irresistible. A cavalry charge discomfits them. Grape shot infuriates them, and they are impatient to leap in, hand to hand. Their style of attack at the battle of Magenta was curious, extravagant and terrible. They trampled forward like savages, stooping their heads, crouching, and sometimes creeping, to take advantage of the uneven ground. They burst upon the Austrians with a storm of yells and Oriental imprecations in a variety of unwritten dialects, used their guns like clubs, and struggled and grappled with their fists. One Turco would attack any four Austrians. War seemed coming back to its first principles, and the result was that the Hapsburghers were always ready to run from those grotesque furibonds. When the field was won, the Turcos rolled themselves on the ground in exultation, got up and danced like so many crazy dervishes, laughing louder than musketry as they gathered round the prisoners, and looking all the time as if they could eat a few of them—carbonadoed and served up. The wickedest little boys in Lombardy are brought to order instantly when their mother says—"Ha, ha! here come the Turcos!"

PREPARING SKELETON LEAVES.—The leaves to be anatomized should be gathered when in full perfection—that is, just before the largest begin to fall from the tress. Select the most perfect, those that are neither torn nor injured by insects. There is a slow mode of preparing them, by soaking them in rain water; but the quickest way is to place them in water, into a quart of which a table-spoonful of chloride of lime (liquid) is put. Let the leaves remain in the mixture for four, five or six hours, according to the size or strength; take them out and wash them in a basin of fresh water; then spread them out and brush off the rotted part with a camel's hair brush, and put them to dry with a free exposure to light and air. In order to bleach the skeletons, place them for a short time in clean water, with a small quantity of chloride of lime. By this process the larger leaves especially will have the appearance of the most beautiful carved ivory. They may either be prepared flat or arranged in bouquets and placed under glass.

RACES AND RELIGIONS.—The whole North American continent has only 36,000,000 inhabitants, hardly as much as France or Austria. The whole of Central and South America has only 23,000,000; less, then, than Italy. European Russia, with its 60,000,000, has as many inhabitants as America, Australia and Polynesia together. More people live in London than in all Australia and Polynesia. China proper has more inhabitants than America, Australia and Africa together; and India has nearly three times as many inhabitants as the whole of the New World. The result is that our planet bears 1,288,000,000 of mankind, of which sum total 522,000,000 belong to the Mongolian, 369,000,000 to the Caucasian, 200,000,000 to the Malayan, 196,000,000 to the Ethiopian, and 1,000,000 to the American race. Divided according to their confessions, there are 335,000,000 of Christians (Protestants and otherwise,) 5,000,000 of Jews, 600,000,000 belong to Asiatic religions, 160,000,000 to Mahometanism, and 200,000,000 of (unclassified) heathens.

The Daughter of Erin.

Written for THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.

Where the dark waters murmured at eve's stilly hour,
On a rock whose rough bosom half slept in the tide,
Sat, lonely and sad, like a storm-shaken flower,
The Daughter of Erin—the child of her pride.

Once beauty had dwelt in each delicate feature,
And the glad light of freedom had beamed in her eye;
But the storm-cloud of war swept around the fair creature,
And stifled the last sound of Liberty's cry.

Now weeping and faded—deprived of her beauty,
She mourns for the chivalric time that's gone by,
When Ireland's cause was the herald to duty;
And a people's ambition for freedom to die.

And long had she sat by the still flowing water,
While the breeze fluttered fitfully through her dark hair,
And kissed the pale cheek of Erin's lone daughter,
As when, in its youth, it was blooming and fair.

And the harp that had rung forth its soul-stirring numbers,
And gladdened the hearts of her country's kings,
Neglected beside her now silently slumbers,
For now there is none to awaken its strings.

But hark! Hear you not that low plaintiff wailing,
That is borne so mournfully on the still air?
Now seems it the moaning of one that is ailing,
And now it is almost the burst of despair.

"Oh, Erin! How long will thy children slumber?
They know not what grief their inaction has cost;
Long, long has it lasted—for days without number—
And now they must weep for their liberty lost.

I had hope some brave hand would at length burst asunder
The bonds that so long had enslaved this fair land.
But, alas! there is none—it is still groaning under
The merciless weight of the tyrant's hand.

Oh! that there were hearts bold and fearless of danger!
Then again 'twould be happy and free as of yore.
It would then bear the rule of no insolent stranger,
And Ireland, thou wouldst be—free evermore."

She closed her pale lips, and again Erin's Daughter
Bowed herself on the desolate rock by the shore;
But still there kept floating across the dark water
These tidings of happiness—"free evermore."

JAMES CAMPBELL.

STORY OF A PYRENEAN BANDIT.

"Our peaceful mountains," says a letter from Lavelanet, in the department of Ariege, South of France, "have been for some months agitated by occurrences of an unusual kind. The sole and constant subject of conversation is a bandit named Tragine, whose consummate daring and extraordinary career have made his name too famous among the Pyrenees." This letter was dated some months before the close of the year 1839, and since that period the adventures of the person indicated in it have been of so remarkable a kind that we conceive them likely to interest our readers, as well as to make us all beneficially sensible of the great blessings which we possess in a country of order and good government. Enjoyed daily, such advantages are apt to be forgot, to the nursing, sometimes, of uncalled-for discontent.

Pierre Sarda, familiarly known by the name of Tragine, is a man of about thirty-five years of age, and, though of the common height, prodigiously strong and muscular in body. He was born on the Pyrenees of Ariege, and is familiar with all their recesses. He was condemned in 1837 for an attempt at assassination to five years' imprisonment, and was accordingly shut up in the round tower of the old castle of the Counts of Foix, but made his escape from it soon afterwards, in company with another prisoner named Sastre. From this period Tragine became an outlawed plunderer; and such was his character for strength and daring that he moved about almost openly in that simple district, and no one ventured to meddle with him. For some time he had an associate in Sastre, but at length quarrelled with him and shot him dead. After committing this crime he coolly passed into the village of Leychert and told what had happened. The consequence was that he was condemned to confinement and hard labor for life, but was never caught to be subjected to the punishment. He knew the mountains so well and was so active and dangerous that no one could seize him. He had the audacity to build a hut in a lonely spot, and to bring to it his wife and two children. Here he remained, sometimes visiting the villages around, and always armed with a double-barrelled gun, two pistols and a poniard. He would go in this guise into inns, or would visit acquaintances, asking favors, which no one dared to refuse. He even presented himself more than once at church on Sundays, and attended with seeming devoutness to the services. On meeting any man he would hold out his hand, and woe to him who refused to grasp it. In short, by dint of unparalleled effrontery and daring, Tragine made himself the annoyance and terror of the whole neighborhood.

Such was the state of things until a new act of the bandit aroused the district to increased exertions against him. M. Pierre Pic, Mayor of Leychert, was out in the fields near his own house, accompanied by a friend, an old man like himself. Tragine perceived them and burst upon them, crying, "Faces to the earth, and death to you if you move!" The old men recognized Tragine and obeyed in terror. The ruffian advanced towards Pic, exclaiming, "Ah! Mister Mayor, so you were at Foix the other day to bring the prosecutor-fiscal and the police upon me!" With these words he struck the poor old mayor several strokes with his gun, so severe that M. Pic, unable to endure them, grasped the weapon to prevent its further use in the same way. But the struggle was too unequal to last, and Pic fell, deeply wounded by a new blow. His passions being now awakened, the bandit did not rest here, but drew his poniard and gave the mayor several other wounds, which dyed the grass with blood. Suuddenly, however, the assassin stopped, exclaiming, "I have wounded you enough, but you would struggle with me, and if you do not say *you hurt yourself* in the struggle, woe be to you! Give me your hand." The mayor could not hold out his hand, but the ruffian seized and shook it heartily, and afterwards embraced his passive victim with great seeming fervor. He then took him upon his shoulders in order himself to bear the poor old man home. But the blood poured so copiously from his wounds that Tragine was forced to set him down by the way, and then went off to announce the event in person. At the first house he came to he stopped and called on the occupant to go instantly to the wounded mayor. The man, recognizing Tragine's voice, cried that he would go shortly; but the ruffian ordered him to appear instantly, and the other dared not disobey. By the directions given he went straight to the unfortunate mayor. Tragine did not yet close his strange and most audacious proceedings, but went to the mayor's own house and announced the condition in which M. Pic was. He, moreover, gathered the mayor's cows, thinking, apparently, that in the confusion they might be forgotten, and he sent them home under a safe convoy. Nor was this all. After the mayor was carried home and laid in bed, the attendants, late at night, were surprised by the appearance among them of a man covered with blood. He went to the bedside, embraced the sufferer, loaded him with kisses and again disappeared. The stupefied attendants made no motion to seize the wretch till it was too late. It was Tragine.

These strange tokens of real or seeming repentance could not prevent the attempt to punish a crime so nefarious. A brigade of gens d'armes was immediately stationed at Leychert, with orders to pursue the ruffian and take him alive, if possible. A public reward of a thousand francs was also offered for his capture. But, as he had already done for three successive years, Tragine continued, by his watchfulness and desperate courage, to elude all attempts to seize him; and, in fact, in place of diminishing, the presence of the gens d'armes seemed to increase his effrontery. For example, learning through some of the peasants, whom either fear or favor led still to talk to him, that twenty of the police were assembled one night at Pic's house, the bandit went thither and fired in at one of the windows. The double detonation warned the police of the party with whom they had to do, but before they could get on his track the ruffian was far beyond their vengeance. Unhappily, the balls, of which not less than five were found, showing how heavily he loaded his gun, struck the mayor's son and wounded him dangerously. Roused to violent wrath by the pursuit to which he was subjected, Tragine menaced with death all who should assist the wounded Pics, making only one exception. To the curate of the village he sent a condescending message, bidding him do the duties of his office towards the sufferers without fear. In short, the bandit, for some weeks after the assault on M. Pierre Pic, continued to be the terror of the district, bursting upon his pursuers here and there like a meteor, but with such caution that they could not arrest him.

At length a report was studiously sent abroad that every man who saw Tragine was empowered to shoot him. This soon came to the bandit's ears, and as he had once or twice narrowly escaped by speed of foot and skill in climbing the rocks, he was much alarmed by the tidings—so much so that he left his old haunts. Whither he went, remained for a time a mystery. In the interval, the Prefect of Ariege sent orders to the Mayors of the different villages to be on the watch, and to remember the reward for the villain's capture. In the end, the Mayor of Larcat, named M. Joule, formed a plan for the capture of the bandit, but, to show the disinterestedness of his wish to serve the public, he first refused the reward. M. Joule was a man of thirty-five, tall in stature, and athletic in make—a man fit perhaps for a struggle with Tragine, if the latter could be caught unarmed; but there lay the difficulty, for he never parted with his fatal weapons. However, ingenuity may do much. M. Joule having laid down his plan, went out into the streets and market-place, and there, in the hearing of many persons, descanted on the extraordinary courage and address of Tragine, adding, "that he would be wise to retire to Spain, and that surely some Mayor, if properly applied to, would grant him a passport, which must be the only difficulty in the way." Some days afterwards, a man came and sought a secret interview with the Mayor of Larcat. The object was to know if he would grant a passport for Tragine to go to Spain. Three hundred francs were offered on the part of the bandit. M. Joule at first refused, but afterwards consented, on condition of receiving five hundred francs. An interview was to be held with Tragine to take down his description, and a house in the country, near Foix, was fixed upon as the place of the meeting.

M. Joule was at the appointed place in good time; but there he found, not Tragine, but his wife, who brought four hundred francs, with some necessary marks for making out the passport. M. Joule made a promise to hold the money sufficient, but it was not his purpose to do without the personal presence of the bandit. He therefore told the wife that he only came to take down the description, and had not brought the necessary papers with him; but that if Tragine would come to his house on a certain day, the passport would then be ready, except as regarded the filling up of some personal marks and the signature. On the day named, Tragine did come to Larcat, but remained at the house of an associate or friend, and sent for the Mayor to come thither. M. Joule went, and an interview took place between Tragine and him. The suspicious bandit remained inside of a window leaning on his deadly gun, while the Mayor stood outside. The latter refused to write the passport among the people, who might compromise him, and said, besides, that the official seal was at his own office. But the cautious robber would not trust himself in the Mayor's house. Such, at least, was his first decision. The mayor, however, at last said, "Well, well, take your money back, and go away." These words uttered in an easy manner, changed the resolve of Tragine. "I will go with you," he said, and accordingly followed the steps of the Mayor homeward.

Arrived at his office, the Mayor made Tragine stand before him, face to face. But the robber kept his hands firmly on his gun. "What height are you?" said M. Joule at last; "set down your carabine, and stand upright." The cool, business-like regularity of the Mayor's proceedings had re-assured Tragine, and, setting down his weapon, he placed himself in the soldier's attitude of attention. M. Joule stood side by side, and measured him; and then, looking fair in the bandit's face, he said, "What color are your eyes?" Tragine opened his eyes widely, and, at that instant, the courageous mayor threw his arms around the robber, and pinned him as in a vice, exclaiming at the same time, in a voice of thunder, "You are my prisoner! help, my friends, help!" When the bandit saw his mischance, his struggles to get at his carabine were fearful. But he was in the hands of a man as bold and vigorous as himself. The combatants fell both on the floor; Tragine wrought with the force of desperation to pull out one of his pistols; but the mayor relaxed not his grasp, and, indeed, to do so would have been to give Tragine an opportunity to sign a transport for him to another world.

The struggle was terminated by the entrance of two men whom M. Joule had planted close at hand. One of them seized the formidable carabine in the first place, and then they threw strong cords around the bandit's body and arms. Thus bound, he was conveyed next day to the town of Foix, and lodged in the old rock-perched castle of the counts of that place. The whole country flocked out to see the notorious Tragine, and a general rejoicing took place throughout Ariege. The capture took place about the close of 1840, and the bandit, we believe, met his fate in the castle of Foix.

DEATH OF A FRENCH HEROINE.—The Moniteur de l'Arme says: "The Hotel des Invalides has just seen one of its glories become extinguished. Angelique Duchemin, better known by the name of the Widow Brulon, died there three days ago at the age of 88. She was the daughter, the sister and the wife of soldiers, and was born and married in a camp. Angelique Duchemin was admitted in 1792 into the 42d Regiment of Infantry, in which General Cassabianca allowed her to serve as a soldier, notwithstanding her sex. She was soon promoted for her gallant conduct in different campaigns. At the affair of the Fort of Gesco, on the 5th Prairial, Au 2, she filled the functions of sergeant, fought with great courage and received two wounds. Perceiving that ammunition began to fail, she left the fort at midnight for Calvi, half a league distant, roused up about sixty women, loaded each of them with as much ammunition as one could carry, and led them back to the fort, by which the defence was prolonged for forty-eight hours, and the possession of it maintained. Some time after, at the siege of Calvi, she was working a 16-pounder in the bastion which she defended, when she received a wound which compelled her to renounce the career of arms. She soon after entered the Hotel des Invalides, where she was made sub-lieutenant. The Emperor Napoleon III. conferred on her the Cross of the Legion of Honor and the St. Helena medal."

TRAP FOR SNAILS.—Snails are particularly fond of bran; if a little is spread on the ground and covered over with a few cabbage leaves or tiles, they will congregate under them, and by making a morning examination, and destroying them, the numbers will be greatly reduced.

Pure white lime, with about one ounce of dissolved glue to the gallon, is one of the best kinds of whitewash for the interior of houses. For an outside whitewash, add one ounce of salt to the gallon of lime, and a half pint of sweet milk.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Old House Far Away.

In the dear old country, among the hills,
In a calm, sequestered spot—
Around it the music of birds and rills—
Stands that long and straggling cot;
Its windows are small and its thatch is low,
And its walls are a dingy grey—
Oh, I see it! I love it! wherever I go,
That old house far away.

I hear the tick, tick, of the clock on the wall,
Recording the passing hours;
I see the geranium, so rank and so tall,
With its brilliant scarlet flowers,
And the old straw chair, so cozy and low,
Where our dear mother sits all day—
Oh I see it! I love it! wherever I go,
That old house far away.

Dear mother! how plainly I see her now
Reclining in that old chair,
With the sunset resting upon her brow,
That was once so smooth and fair;
I see her crimped border as white as snow,
And her once dark hair now grey—
Oh! my heart is with her wherever I go
In that old house far away.

Not all the luxuries earth affords,
The riches of land or sea,
Or all the wealth of earth's haughty lords,
Could blot from my memory
The roof that shelters each dear, dear head,
And the floor of trodden clay,
Where the feet I love are wont to tread,
In that old house far away.

E. M'Guinness Forrester.

Defense of a much abused Animal—Read it.

Geese are really fine birds; portly, broad breasted, and march about with stately solemnity of gait. You must know that I have great respect for geese, and always think it a grevious piece of detraction to make this discreet, sapient-looking animal the emblem of folly, as it is with us. The French are more well-judging in this matter; for their equivalent to our complimentary expression, "What a goose you are!" is, "*Quel dindon tu es!*" and certainly a turkey, with its silly helpless cry, is more suited to the meaning than the maligned goose. The latter estimable bird is truly worthy of respect. What can be more exemplary, for instance, than his conjugal and paternal virtues, very rare among the feathered lords of creation in general! How tenderly he assists his lady wife in the arduous duty of bringing up a large family of goslins!—how fiercely he hisses at every foe—undaunted by pig, dog, horse, or formidable man himself; extending his watchful guardianship long after the waddling brood have passed their yellow unfledged state, even to that gawky, intermediate, hobbledy-hoy age, so unbecoming in gosling or man.

Our classical reminiscences ought to make us ashamed to asperse the character and question the sagacity of the bird who saved the Capitol, and in whose honor the Romans of old kept an annual festival. Without, however, going so far back into the annals of antiquity to justify my regard for the goose tribe, I can adduce a modern instance to prove the attachment of which this bird is capable; and I think you will say it is as touching an instance of fidelity as is on record of any animal.

A young lad, whose family lived not far from ours, was in the habit of coming home for the holidays to his father's country place. Like all school-boys, he took a concern in every thing that was going on; and on one occasion watched with great interest the progress of a numerous family of goslins who had broken the shell a few weeks before his arrival. They were getting on most prosperously, and growing apace, when all at once a diminution began to appear in their numbers. No disease had attacked them, and no vestige of the missing ones was ever found whereby the manner of their death could be ascertained. The little paddock into which, every morning, they were turned out for the day, was well secured, so that they could not be stolen, and altogether their disappearance was very mysterious. It went on, however, and night after night the parent birds marched up to the fowl-house at the head of a sadly dimished band of young ones.

They were almost all gone before the cause of the loss was discovered, and it was the young schoolboy beforementioned who at last found it out. After much diligent searching, he perceived that the paddock was burrowed all over with numerous holes, concealed by the long tufted grass. In these holes rats lay in wait for the goslings as they passed, when they darted out upon their prey, and, seizing them by the leg, dragged them down into their subterranean retreats and devoured them.

One evening an extraordinary phenomenon presented itself to the eyes of the old woman who was the presiding genius of the poultry yard. An unfortunate gosling maimed, crippled, and covered with patches of bloody rag, came hobbling up after its mother. Like Lazarus, it was full of sores; but unlike him, its wounds had been bound up and dressed by some friendly hand. That hand was the schoolboy's. He had arrived at the paddock just at the moment that the poor bird was struggling in the grasp of a huge rat. Being strong, and nearly fledged, the goslin made a vigorous resistance; but by the time the lad came to the rescue, it had been bitten and wounded so severely that it must soon have fallen a victim to its antagonist. The youth continued his care of the little animal until it recovered from the injuries, dressing the wounds with skill and tenderness every day. During his long attendance on his patient, a friendship sprang up between them, and the gosling might be seen limping after him wherever he went. He departed for school, and on his return again, when the holidays came round, was joyfully recognized by his old acquaintance, who testified its delight as evidently as a dog might have done, and attached itself to the gentleman as before.

Time passed on—the boy became a man, and the goslin a goose, but neither of them outlived their regard for each other. The grateful bird deserted her feathered companions as soon as her friend visited his paternal home, and followed his steps at an humble distance, whenever it was possible to do so. He was of studious habits, and used to pass much of his time reading in a summer-house in the garden. Here the poor goose would take up her position under a laurel tree, near the alcove, waiting patiently for hours until her friend came out with his books, when she would settle herself contentedly to rest, quite satisfied and happy that he was near. The servants and work-people always knew whether their young master was to be found in the summer-house, by seeing if the goose were at her post under the laurel tree.

How long this might have gone on is uncertain—geese are said to be long livers. You know the story of the old woman who was told they could live for a hundred years, and immediately went off and bought one, that she might ascertain whether it was true. In this case the longevity of our poor friend was not destined to be put to the test. The young man, her protector, was seized with a dangerous illness, and for some time his life was despaired of. He recovered, however, and the first day he was taken out into the open air, missing his favorite in her accustomed haunts, he inquired after her. He received an evasive reply. Day after day passed on, and the faithful bird appeared not to greet as usual her benefactor. He insisted at last on knowing what had become of her, and then the sad truth came out. The poor bird, it appeared, became restless and pining after he was taken ill, as though she knew something was wrong. Guided by some wonderful instinct, she made her way to his room a corner of which she had occupied in a basket during the time he had tended her wounds in his boyish days. The young man was raving wildly, his malady being then at its height; and the goose, hearing his well-known voice crept under the bed, and established herself there. She was soon discovered and dragged out from her hiding-place. The servants and nurses surrounded her, and all agreed that the illness of their young master was entirely owing to the unfortunate bird. "There was something *not good* about her," they whispered with wise faces and shaking heads. "Who ever heard of a beast attaching herself that way to any Christian? and how could luck or grace come of it? Yes it was surely 'unlucky;' and without the goose was killed at once, the master would never recover; all the doctors in the country couldn't save him."

And so they seized the poor bird, and dragging her away from the unconscious object of her love, sacrificed the faithful creature to thir absurd and cruel superstition.

I can fancy the feelings of the young man when he heard the fate of his favorite. Affection, even that of a poor dumb animal, is so precious a thing, a treasure that neither gold nor silver can purchase or win, even in this mercenary world, that the loss of any portion of it is irreparable.

Affectation of Ease.—There is a practice getting into vogue, almost into a sort of fashion, among our young gentleman who wish to impose upon the unwary by *nonchalant* airs of affected ease and freedom from restraint, which I must here denounce as a breach of good manners and a want of all just feelings of propriety; I mean the practice of lounging in graceless attitudes on sofas and arm-chairs, even in the presence of ladies. All these vile and distorted postures must be reserved for the library couch or arm-chair, and should never be displayed in the society of gentlemen, and still less in that of ladies. In their own houses ladies must submit to such conduct as they cannot well leave a visitor to himself; at all other times, they should, if they have any respect for their own dignity, give the lounger the cut direct, and go to some other part of the room, Once denounced, however, as vulgar and uncivil, the nuisance will cease of itself; for the guilty only offend under the impression of being thought superlatively fine.

Lounging is not a foreign vice, though foreigners take up the practice to an extravagant degree when mixing with English society. Out of the English circles it is, however, so little known that a slight attempt of the kind once caused a regular uproar at one of the German courts. Many of our countrymen, even plain, unaffected, good sort of men, have a foolish trick of throwing the foot of one leg over the knee of the other—bringing the right ankle, for instance, to rest on the left knee, so as to place themselves in a half tailor-like attitude. The custom is certainly neither graceful nor elegant, but not very reprehensible. An English gentleman, a member of the *corps diplomatique*, happened one evening to be sitting near a countess of high degree, to whom he was explaining, in very indifferent French, perhaps something about the public walks that surrounded his house, when in the middle of his discourse, up went the right leg, placing the foot exactly over the left knee, and presenting the sole of the diplomatic shoe fully in view of her ladyship's eyes. The countess blushed through three layers of rouge, rose indignantly from her seat, and hurried to the other end of the room, declaring that she had been grossly insulted by the English ambassador, who had mistaken her for a cobbler, and held up the very soles of his shoes for her inspection. Mighty rage filled the bosoms of princesses, baronesses, and countesses, and the lord-marshal of the palace came with bows and smiles to the diplomatist, requesting that he would make some apology to the lady, who was no cobbler at all, but a person of high rank and great merit. Our excellent countryman was utterly confounded, not knowing what crime he had been guilty of, as he was well aware of the lady's rank and respectability, and so far from speaking of shoe-sole, he had been speaking of willows (*saules;*)and if the lady had seen the sole of his shoes, it arose merely from the circumstance of his having placed himself in an attitude very general in his own country. The explanation was readily received as no one wished to press the point; but the whole court were convinced that it was a mere evasion, as no one could comprehend why the ambassador should have presented the sole of the shoe to a lady while talking to her about willows. "*N'importe, n'importe, Monsieur l'ambassador.*" said the princess-consort to the unhappy diplomatist, who attempted to convince her of the truth of his assertion, "it is a *bagatelle*, already forgotten. We are always delighted to hear your excellency's opinions about gardens, for you English have great taste in gardening, but defend me from English attitudes!"

This trifling anecdote tends, though in a feeble and insufficient way, to illustrate the worthlessness of all merely local, conventional, or professional finery or exquisiteness, whether displayed in wit, humor, attitude, or slang-jargon. Freedom from all these fetters is therefore indispensable to a perfect gentleman and a man of the world while the constant display and jingling of such fetters show, on the other hand, a limited understanding, and an ignorance of society. [English paper.

Things in the Windpipe.—Two very striking instances are related, and the first of them, as being a very simple remedy, is the one I should advise to be pursued. A Highland shepherd, while mumbling a small bullet between his teeth, unfortunately had it escape from them and slip into the windpipe. He coughed incessantly for two hours, after which he had slight inconvenience beyond a little occasional dry cough till the middle of the following day, when he was attacked with shivering, headache and deep pain in the right side of the chest. The shivering and headache ceased, but the pain continued, and he was excessively drowsy. On the evening of the third day he was seen by Dr. Macrae, who, being satisfied of the lodgment of the bullet, directed the man to be strapped securely to a common chair, that he might be easily suspended from the rafters of the roof with his head downward, in order that his chest might be conveniently shaken by a rapid succession of sudden smart jerks, and that the weight of the bullet might favor its escape from its seat in the lungs. He was kept depending as long as he could endure such an uncomfortable position, and then placed in the horizontal posture for a few minutes to rest. When sufficiently recruited he was hung up again. Upon being taken down the first time he described the pain in his breast as moved nearer to the top of his chest, and during the third suspension he joyfully exclaimed "Thanig a, Thanig a!" ("It has come, it has come!") in the Gaelic language, immediately after a hard shaking and a few convulsive, retching coughs, and spat the little bullet from his mouth. The diameter of it is three-eighth parts of an inch.

The second case is that of a celebrated engineer, which excited considerable interest in London. While playing with his children a half-sovereign slipped into his windpipe, and was followed by the usual symptoms. On the sixteenth day after the accident he made an attempt to get rid of the coin by placing himself in the prone position, with his breast resting on a chair and his head and neck inclined downward, and, having done so, he immediately had a distinct perception of a loose body slipping along the windpipe. A violent cough ensued. On resuming the erect posture he again had the sensation of a loose body moving in the windpipe, but in an opposite direction—that is, towards the chest. The experiment was repeated six days after more completely. He was placed in the prone position on a platform, made to be moveable on a hinge in the centre, so that one end of it being elevated, the other was equally depressed. The shoulders and body having been fixed by a broad strap, the head was lowered until the platform was brought to an angle of about eighty degrees with the horizon. At first no cough ensued, but on the back having been struck with the hand, the patient began to cough violently; the half-sovereign, however, did not make its appearance. This process was twice repeated with no better success, and on the last occasion the cough was so distressing and the appearance so alarming that it was not thought right to proceed further. Two days after, the windpipe was opened by a surgical operation, but the money could neither be felt nor got out. He was therefore left alone for ten days to recover the effects of the operation,

and was then placed again upon the moveable platform in the same position already mentioned, the back was struck with the hand, cough followed, and he presently felt the coin quit the bronchus, striking almost immediately afterwards against the front teeth of the upper jaw and then dropping out of the month.

Remarkable Australian Tree.—At a late meeting of the Botanical Society of London, Dr. John Lhotsky read a paper "on the periodical Decortication (or bark-divesting process) of the genus *Eucalyptus* in Australia." After describing the appearance of the bark hanging in strips from the trunks and branches of the eucalypti, Dr. Lhotsky observed that, in addition to this singular effect, the varying color of the denuded trunks and branches, from pure white through all shades to deep red, presents an equally original and characteristic aspect. Little is yet known as to the period of decortication; and the questions to be determined by future observers are: 1st. Whether the decortication of the different species of eucalypti takes place at any certain season, or is dependent on other circumstances; and 2d. Whether all the species decorticate at the same period, or the different species at different times. The cause of a phenomenon apparent in so great a number of a genus scattered most widely over the Australian continent is matter of importance for physical geography, and for botany especially. And Dr. Lhotsky thinks a clue towards its explanation may be obtained through that botanical axiom, that the concentric layers of wood and bark are the reverse of each other, the former increasing externally, the other internally. As exogenous plants, like the eucalypti, increase by the annual additions of new matter on their outsides, it is plausible to say that, as the growth of the eucalypti in almost all the species is very rapid, the alburnum of these trees extends so rapidly that the liber first becomes considerably distended, then cracks, and finally separates from the trunk. The New Hollanders have largely taken advantage of this phenomenon. The huts or sheds temporarily occupied by them are made of the sheets of the bark of the eucalypti. It is on such sheets that they repose, and protect themselves from the humidity of the soil. From such sheets, also, they made their most rude canoes (with which, however, they only navigate the lakes); they bind them in an adequate manner, and fill up the crevices with soil and melted gum. The New Hollander possesses neither flint nor steel; and as he finds it difficult to produce fire, he carries with him on his aquatic excursions a piece of a large ignited branch of an eucalyptus, which, from its resinous nature, burns like a torch.

The Nebular Theory.—The discoveries of astronomy have not only extended over the existing world of celestial bodies, but recent investigations have revealed the probable mode in which new worlds are called into being, and shown the process by which they are gradually and imperceptibly moulded into shape. Sir William Herschel and his no less gifted son, Sir John, in conjunction with the French astronomer, Laplace, had for a considerable period observed certain masses of luminous vapors in various portions of the heavens, and presenting various appearances in the course of their progress towards a definite form and character—some appearing as mere films of light, others as gathering into separate masses, others assuming something like a globular shape, while others presented a dense central nucleus of light, surrounded by a luminous mass like the tail of a comet; so that a series was thus to be observed, from groups of round bodies illuminated in their centres to separate nebulæ with single nuclei, to a central disc constituting a nebular star, and finally to an orb of light with a halo like our sun. By such a process it is conceived that our planetary system was formed. The sun is conceived to have been once a diffused nebulosity, a scattered mass of vapor, which has condensed into its present form; and during this process of condensation it is believed the planets were successively thrown off—the most distant, as Herschel, being the first, followed by Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Earth, Venus and Mercury. The assertion that the solid earth has condensed from a mass of vapor will seem strange and startling to the mind unaccustomed to scientific inquiry: but when we reflect that water may be frozen into a substance, ice, which is as hard as a rock, or again may be melted into water, or sublimed into vapor, and again condensed into water, and frozen again into ice, or finally may, by chemical decomposition, be reduced to its two component gases, oxygen and hydrogen, we may cease to wonder at phenomena which are produced by the same laws, and may be explained on similar principles.

Fire Obtained by Water.—The Paris paper, The Messenger, publishes a curious account of a contrivance invented by a M. Meudt for the decomposition of water, and combustion of the hydrogen thus obtained. The apparatus consists of a small copper boiler, provided with a safety valve and a pipe which passes into a tubulated bottle with two necks, placed near the boiler. From the second tubulature another tube passes under the boiler. About two litres (nearly half a gallon) of water are poured into the latter, and about half a litre of weak tar-water into the tubulated bottle. A spirit lamp being applied to the boiler, the steam thus generated penetrates into the bottle, where it yields its oxygen to the tar, by which oxide of carbon is generated. The hydrogen of the steam being thus set at liberty, accumulates in the bottle, and then passes through the second tube to the bottom of the boilers, where it meets the flame of the spirit lamp. A most extraordinary effect, approaching as nearly as possible to the visionary principle of perpetual motion, is the result; for the spirit lamp being taken away, the hydrogen generated burns with its own flame and makes the water boil; this engenders fresh steam, which is decomposed as before, and furnishes a new supply of hydrogen, which feeds the flame, and so on—not *ad infinitum*, but until the water in the boiler is exhausted. All that has to be done in order to have a perpetual flame is to keep up the supply of water, and also, when necessary, to renew the tar-water. This discovery, applied to steam engines and locomotives—a task which the inventor has already performed—is capable of producing an immense saving of fuel.

Distillation of Rose-Water in India.—Ghazeepore has long been celebrated for its rose-water, yet the native apparatus for distilling it is of the simplest construction. It consists of a large copper or iron boiler, well tinned, capable of holding from eight to twelve gallons (shaped like the earthen hoondahs in which the Gomastha send in their opium,) having a large body with a rather narrow neck, and a mouth about eight inches in diameter; on the top of this is fixed the head of a still, which is nothing more than an old *deckchee*, or cooking vessel, with a hole in the centre to receive the tube or worm.

The tube is composed of two pieces of bamboo fastened at an acute angle, and it is covered the whole length with a strong binding of corded string, over which is a luting of earth, to prevent the vapor from escaping. The small end, about two feet long, is fixed into the centre of the head, where it is well luted with flour and water. The lower arm or end of the tube is carried down into a long necked vessel or receiver, called a *bhubka*. This is is placed in a handee of water, which, as it gets hot is changed. The head of the still is luted on to the body, and the long arm of the tube in the bhubka is also well provided with a cushion of cloth, so as to keep in all the vapor. The boiler is let into an earthen furnace, and the whole is ready for operation.

At Ghazeepore, to procure the attar, the roses are put into the still, and when the water has gradually come over, it is placed in a large metal basin, which is covered with wetted muslin, tied over to prevent insects or dust getting into it. This vessel is let into the ground about two feet, which has been previously wet with water, and it is allowed to remain quiet during the night. The attar is always made at the beginning of the season, when the nights are cool. In the morning early, the little flim of attar, which is formed upon the surface of the rose-water during the night, is removed by means of a feather and it is then carefully placed in a small phial; and day after day, as the collection is made, it is placed for a short time in the sun, and after a sufficient quantity has been procured it is poured off clear, and the color of amber, into small phials. Pure attar, when it has been removed only three or four days, has a pale greenish hue; by keeping it loses this, and in a few weeks' time it becomes of a pale yellow. The first day's distillation does not produce such fine attar as comes off afterwards, in consequence of the dust or little particles of dirt in the still and the tube being mixed with it. This is readily separated, from its sinking to the bottom. From one lac of roses it is generally calculated that 180 grains, or one tolah, of attar can be procured; no more than this can be obtained if the roses are full-sized, and the nights cold to allow of the congelation. The attar purchased in the bazaar is generally adulterated, mixed with sandal oil or sweet oil. Not even the richest native will give the price at which the purest attar alone can be obtained, and the purest attar that is made is sold only to Europeans.

Subterranean Curiosity in Paris.—The well of Grenelle is not the only new subterranean curiosity in Paris; there exists another, which, although it has not the immense merit of Mulet's work, is nevertheless very remarkable. There is near the Marche aux Chevaux a brewery, in which it is said the most excellent beer is made. M. Chapuis, the owner of this establishment, saw with regret that its cellars were not large enough to contain the increasing produce of his brewery, and he wished to keep it in greater quantities. M. Chapuis suspected that his house, court and garden, were placed above the catacombs of Paris. In order to make sure of this, he bored, and ascertained that it was as he thought. Sure of success, he immediately set to work and built a staircase of 87 steps, through the spiral of which the liquid necessary for daily use might be brought up by the help of a windlass. But the staircase was the least part of the work, for, at the depth of about 55 feet, a void was found, not the void of a quarry, but a void made by the accidental falling of the earth. M. Chapuis got this cleared with a great deal of trouble and expense, and then great columns were placed in order to keep up the bank of stone, upon which the Faubourg St. Victor and St. Marceau stand. And when you descend 87 steps, you enter into a large cavern, whose vast and long galleries offer an unlimited perspective. The effect of this cavern is so fine and so picturesque, that Ciceri intends producing it in the opera in the shape of a scene. M. Chapuis has certainly the greatest cellar in the world.

Monkeys Fond of Finery.—Their attention is soon excited by any object that is more than ordinarily glittering—jewelry of all kinds being as magnets, to which their eyes and fingers are instinctively drawn. My own fingers have more than once been endangered by the exceeding zeal manifested by the animal in its attempts to secure a ring to which it had taken a sudden liking. The monkey held out its pam as if it wanted to shake hands, seized my fingers with both its hands, and did its best to remove the object of its curiosity; fortunately the ring fitted rather tightly, or it would probably have been lost or swallowed. As it was, a few scratches on my hands and an outburst of disappointment on the part of the monkey were the only results of this sudden attack.

Sagacity of a Horse.—A very curious though not uncommon instance of sagacity in this animal came under observation on Saturday in the neighborhood of Long Lane, Bermondsey. A cart-horse in harness, while its not very careful keeper was solacing himself at a public house, started off at a pretty brisk trot down the lane. Happening to come upon a group of children, of whom one, a baby not more than three years of age, stumbled and fell, the animal deliberately stopped, placed the child with its teeth out of harm's way, and then continued its course, as if nothing had occurred. Nor did his philanthropical propensities end here, for, meeting with a second group he repeated the action, and afterwards, as if fearing to commit some mischief, suffered himself to be caught and quietly led back. [English paper.

The patriarch of all the trees in the Jardin des Plants of Paris—the acacia planted in 1635 by Vespasian Robin, the gardener of Louis XIII.—is this year full of sap and vigor. It is from this tree, more than twice centennarian, that has been derived all the seed which has spread that useful and graceful tree all over France. Linnæus gave to this tree the name of *Robinier*, in memory of the service rendered by Robin, who first cultivated it in Europe.

FACETIÆ.

WANTED TO KNOW.

Whether the gallant *tar* is of use when the ship *pitches*?

Whether it is proper to affix a *bell* on a *bow* window-shutter?

Whether land sharks and land swells can be classified under the same heading with sea sharks and sea swells."

A MILK-AND-WATER EPIGRAM.

"Are good folk very clean up town?"
Inquired a rustic o'er his porter.
"Clean!" cried a genius just come down,
"They even wash their milk with water!"

Samuel Boyce was a well-known literary author of the last century. Dr. Johnson, among other acts of friendly sympathy, frequently solicited alms for Boyce; and having once received a guinea, he bought some roast beef and a bottle of port wine. But when Boyce sat down to enjoy this "manna in the wilderness," he commenced a serious quarrel with the doctor because he had not also added some mushrooms or catsup.

Diggs saw a five pound note lying on the ground, but he knew it was a forged one, and walked on without picking it up. He told Smithers the story, when the latter said, "Do you know, Diggs, you have committed a grave offence?"—"Why, what have I done?" "You have passed a forged note, knowing it to be such."

The man who did not think it respectable to bring up his children to work, has just heard from his three sons. One of them was a driver on a canal; another had been taken up as a vagrant, and the third had gone to a public institution to learn the shoe business under a keeper.

Printers' errors are sometimes laughable. In a printed sermon, the subject of which was the necessity for moderate and rational recreation, the passage occurred, "Men should work and play too." The want of a stroke ruined it, and it read, "Men should work and play loo."

"Papa," said a little bow to his parent one day, "are not sailors very small men?"

"No, my dear," answered the father; "pray what leads you to suppose that they are so small?"

"Because," replied the young idea, smartly, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep in his watch."

Misprints will present themselves in other columns than those of newspapers. The author of a temperance novel who wrote "drunkenness is folly," was horror-struck to read, "drunkenness is jolly."

"Boy!" called out Brown to the waiter at Sam's.

"Don't call me boy, sir; I'm no boy, sir," said the latter.

"Then do as you would be done by," put in Brown, "and don't call this mutton *lamb* any more."

"What a bad light these candles give," said Tom to his wife. "Yes, they have just come in," was her reply; to which he rejoined, "Just come in! I should think they had just *gone out*.

What is the Latin dialogue that usually occurs between a shoemaker and a pair of old boots?—Shoemaker says, "Bute Imendu;" to which boots reply, "Solus."

"You'll kill yourself, smoking so much, husband.'—"Indeed, wife, I must use the *weed*."—"Oh, very well, I shall have occasion for *weeds* myself pretty soon.

A Frenchman, wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said, "de *butter* of poets." A wag said that his English was certainly not "the cheese."

They say that trumpet-players are doomed to short lives. We doubt it; we have known men to blow their own trumpets incessantly, and achieve a good troublesome old age.

Haven't you finished scaling that fish yet, Sam?"—"No, master, 'tis a very large one."—"Why, you have had time to scale a mountain."

A sailor, who has recently returned from Newfoundland, says that the fog is so thick there that he used to drive a nail in it to hang his hat on.

It has been inferred that Dryden wasn't opposed to sherry cobbler, from a remark he once made—"Straws may be made the instrument of happiness."

"The law," said Judge Ashurst in a charge, "is open to all men, to the poor as well as the rich."—"And so is the London Tavern," added Horne Tooke, who was present.

What is the difference between a man who keeps dogs and one who has nine walking-sticks?—One owns ca-nines and the other nine canes.

Flowers fling their wealth upon the vacant air, and rich men often fling theirs upon the vacant heir.

A manufacturing wire-worker, in an advertisement, invites the public to come and *see* his *invisible* wire fences.

When is a tired man like a thief?—When he needs *a-resting*.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

FURTHER DETAILS IN REGARD TO THE PEACE.

The Surplus of the French War Loan to be Applied to the Navy.

FEARS OF A FRENCH INVASION CONTINUE TO AGITATE ENGLAND.

Circular of the Pope to the European Powers.

&c., &c., &c.

The latest intelligence from Europe is by the Nova Scotian which left Liverpool on the morning of the 26th ult. and arrived at Farther Point on her way to Quebec on the 7th inst. The following is the substance of her news:

IRELAND.

LIMERICK ELECTION—THE FIRING ON THE PEOPLE.—The summer assizes for Limerick City and County were opened on Thursday, at ten o'clock, by the Right Hon. Judge Keogh and the Hon. Mr. Justice O'Brien, both of whom arrived in town from Ennis on the previous evening. Judge Keogh presided in the city court. The commission having been opened by the Clerk of the Crown, William Roche, Esq., the following gentlemen were sworn on the Grand Jury:—

The Hon. Standish Prendergast Vereker, foreman; Henry Watson, William Gabbett, Robert O'Brien, John Watson Mahony, Thos. Keane, Henry Vereker Lloyd, Thomas Boyse, Robert Roger, Edward Bernard, William Hartigan, Laurence Quinlivan, Edward Harold, Eugene O'Callahan, Reuben Harvey Todhunter, John McDonnell, William G. Gubbins, Robt. McMahon, William Henry Hall, Francis Ward, William D. Murphy, William Fitzgerald, and Thomas Corcoran, Esqs.

Judge Keogh then addressed the Grand Jury at great length on the subject of the firing on the people by the constabulary, stating that bills would be sent before them against Mr. Bell and the police.

The Grand Jury, after a lengthened deliberation, found a true bill against Mr. Bell, R.M., for manslaughter, and ignored the bills against the twenty-five police constables.

Upon the application of Mr. Clarke, Q. C., it was arranged that Mr. Bell should appear in the morning to enter into bail to abide his trial. The proceedings will be now transferred to Dublin, in pursuance of the writ of *certiorari* obtained last term in the Court of Queen's Bench.

THE IRISH CHANCELLORSHIP BILL—TORY OPPOSITION.—From the following paragraph it will be seen that the ultra-tory party in Ireland are preparing to offer all the opposition in their power to the above measure.

In pursuance of a requisition, numerously signed, the High Sheriff of the county of Fermanagh has called a meeting for the nobility, gentry, clergy, and inhabitants of Fermanagh, for the purpose of taking into consideration the bill at present before the House of Commons to disturb the existing arrangements of the Emancipation Act of 1829, which is to be held in the Court-house, Enniskillen, on Friday, the 22d inst.

The following petition is about to be forwarded from Downpatrick:—"To the Honorable the Knights, Citizens and Burgesses in Parliament assembled—We, the undersigned inhabitants of Downpatrick and its vicinity, humbly pray your honorable house to repel the attempt made to place the whole magistracy of Ireland under the control of a Popish Lord Chancellor. We remember with feelings of indignation the proceedings of former days, when Irish Protestants were betrayed by Popish officials; and, seeing danger and wrong intended to our country, our religion, and the Crown, we pray your honorable house to reject the so-called Catholic Relief Bill, which proposes to open to Papists the office of Lord Chancellor in Ireland. And your petitioners will ever pray, &c."

ORANGE RIOTING AT KINSALE—FURTHER PARTICULARS.—The number of houses in which windows were broken is 125, and the number of panes over a thousand, the damage being estimated at about £60. Among the houses attacked sixteen were Protestants. The militia, in fact, seemed to take no trouble in discriminating between Catholics and Protestants, but all fared alike that came in their way. The first house they attacked was that of Mr. Parsons, watchmaker, and the second that of Mr. Orr, both Protestants. It is said that they were busy in smashing the windows of one house, when the gentleman residing in it threw out a Protestant prayer book to them. They picked it up, and recognizing it they judged the owner to be one of the right sort, and so begging his pardon for the mistake, they moved off.

It is also stated that a number of the men in the barracks wanted to force their way out with fire arms and ammunition, and behaved in a most insubordinate manner to their officers, treating their remonstrances with the utmost contempt, and that it was only by the persuasions of Rev. Mr. Hopkins, rector of the parish, and Protestant chaplain of the garrison, that they were induced to desist.

At the commencement of the row on Tuesday evening, a man named Daniel Mahony went up to the barracks for money that was due to him for work done there. He received a £5 note, and when leaving the barracks he was attacked by a lance sergeant of the regiment and several of the men, and beaten until he became insensible. When he recovered, he rose and was making his way home when he missed the £5 note. He returned to the spot where he had been beaten, and found it there smered with blood. He is still laid up from the effects of the beating. We understand also that one of the regiment, a Roman Catholic, was beaten by some of his Orange comrades in a public house kept by a party named Egan, and his head was cut to such an extent that he was obliged to be put to bed there for the night. Before the regiment marched out in the morning, the Rev. Mr. Kelleher went up to Camphill, the way by which they were to pass, and induced the people to remain quietly in their houses until the regiment had passed by. Police were also stationed on the way to prevent any collision. The regular troops, when they marched into the town to suppress the rioting of the militia, were loudly cheered by the people, at which they seemed pleased and proud.

We are informed that the magistrates of the town have sent a communication to the General of the district, stating that if the damage done by the militia was not made good, they would lay the matter before the Commander-in-Chief.

After the fight was over and tranquility was entirely restored, a man named Donnelly, who, it was said, had been foremost in the different encounters against the militia, expressed himself in rather warm terms in condemnation of the conduct of the magistrates, who, he thought, had not shown sufficient energy in protecting the people. To Mr. John Isaac Heard, the late member for the borough he applied terms much more forcible than polite, in the presence of that gentleman, for which he has issued a summons against Donnelly, and the case is to come on before the magistrates in the morning.

It was said that an investigation was to have been held to-day at the Cork Barracks, but our reporter on making inquiries was informed that such was not the case, and that no decision had been yet come to as to what steps should be taken by the military authorities in the matter. [Cork Examiner.

DEATH OF HENRY GRATTAN, ESQ.—We deeply regret to learn that Henry Grattan, Esq., only surviving son of the immortal Grattan of '82, died on the 16th ult., at his residence, Clara, County Wicklow. Mr. Grattan was in Dublin a few days since in excellent health and spirits, and, seemingly, bid fair for a long and vigorous life. His death will be a severe loss to the Liberal party in this country. Ardent, energetic and truly national, he was always ready to come forward on any public occasion to assert the rights of the people and of the country. In early life Mr. Grattan represented the City of Dublin; he afterwards represented the County of Meath for a considerable period, but, since 1852, he has been, comparatively, in private life. When the sad intelligence reached town yesterday, the expressions of regret were sincere and general, even among those who differed from Mr. Grattan in politics: for, although he was an uncompromising upholder of civil and religious liberty and the rights of the people, no one could be more urbane, courteous and generous in private life. He inherited from his father an undying hatred to oppression, and a fervor of patriotism which sometimes made him irritable in temper when contending with political opponents. To Henry Grattan the people and liberty owe a heavy debt of gratitude, as no one worked more earnestly in the cause of both, or with an honester or manlier spirit of independence. He was a faithful follower of O'Connell, and was always to be found by his side in the protracted and arduous struggle in which the Liberator was engaged for the rights of conscience. We understand that Mr. Grattan took a great deal of active exercise on Thursday, and on the evening of that day he became suddenly unwell. Dr. Rynd was immediately sent for, and on arriving adopted immediate measures for the relief of his patient, who got better and continued to improve up to Saturday, when dangerous symptoms set in. He grew worse during the day and expired on Saturday night at 10 o'clock. Mr. Grattan was in his 72d year. Disease of the heart is said to be the cause of death. [Dublin Freeman.

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO MR. BENNETT, SOLICITOR, CORK.—A large party of his professional brethren, on Wednesday evening, the 22d ult., testified their esteem for Mr. Bennett, to whom we had recently the pleasure of recording a complimentary testimonial from the mercantile body by entertaining him at the Queens Hotel, Queenstown. The entertainment was of first class character, and highly creditable to the present management of that splendid establishment. The following were among those who sat down to dinner: Henry Noblett, Esq., who presided; R. N. Parker, Thomas Jameson, N. D. Murphy, P. W. Bass, James Lane, Walter Ronan, David Hall, D. E. Collins, W. C. Bennett, W. O'Keeffe, Geo. E. Woodroffe, W. Y. Gregg, W. H. Townsend, Thomas Exham, Francis Sugrue, Michael Gamble, Bryan Galway, Robert Gregg, W. B. Morrison, A. H. Allen, Thomas Ware, Philip O'Connell, D. Y. Donegan, E. Tracy, W. R. Coppinger, D. F. Collins, Thos. Babington, Joseph Bennett and Henry Noblett, Jr. The party was confined exclusively to the profession, which was a source of regret to many non-professional friends who were desirous of attending. [Cork Reporter.

PEACEFUL STATE OF THE COUNTY LOUTH.—The summer assizes for the county of Louth was held yesterday in Dundalk, and there were on the criminal calendar only four petty cases for trial, which were disposed of in a few hours. This is a most gratifying fact, and speaks volumes for the social state of the country. In fact, there is all but a halcyon peace reigning in Ireland at present, despite the attempts which the Orangemen have just made in some districts to provoke their Catholic neighbors to break the law. In the face of this tranquility does it not seem strange that this fine county of Louth should be still under the ban of the crime and outrage act, and that the people are denied the privilege of carrying firearms with as much exactness as if the people were in a state of insurrection. Surely the authorities will look to this shameful and unjustifiable suppression of the rights of a iree and peaceful people, and will immediately take off such a stigma on their character as this act implies. [Newry Examiner.

THE LATE LAMENTED MARCHIONESS OF SLIGO.—The funeral obsequies of the above lady were celebrated on Wednesday, the 29th of June, at St. Mary's Catholic Cemetery, Kensal Green. This was the first solemn funeral service celebrated in the new chaste and beautiful chapel, recently erected and consecrated there. The noble marquis has issued orders for the erection of a massive marble monument on the tomb of the amiable deceased lady. *Requiescat en pace.*

MIXED EDUCATION—MEETING OF THE BISHOPS.—We learn that owing to unforseen circumstances, the proposed meeting of the Hierarchy will not take place till next month. Meanwhile we have reason to believe that the resolutions adopted in Cork, and approved by the Hierarchy and Clergy in all parts of the country, will be strictly adhered to and rigidly acted upon.

Dublin Catholic Telegraph.

LABORERS' DWELLINGS IN IRELAND.—A short bill, prepared by Sir W. Somerville, is now in the House of Commons, which provides that loans authorized under the several acts for the improvement of land and erection of farm buildings, may be also made for the erection of buildings for the laboring classes.

IRISH ZOUAVES.—It is not unlikely that ere long France will have in her service another Irish brigade. We have learned from reliable sources that many young men from Munster have already made their way to the French capital and enrolled themselves in the new levies for the Italian war. Within a few days several young men, even from this peaceful city of the Nore, moved by the old military ardor of the ambitious Celt, stole away from their friends, and nothing was heard of them until a letter from Paris announced that they had joined a Zouave regiment in that city, were under drill, and would be moving towards the seat of war about the end of July. One has written home, stating that they were received with open arms by their "brother Zouaves." [Kilkenny Jour.

RETURN OF THE REV. P. DALY TO GALWAY.—The Galway Vindicator contains an interesting account of the enthusiastic reception given to the Rev. Peter Daly, P. P., on his return to Galway from London. Along the route, from the railway terminus to the residence of the reverend gentleman, arches, formed of flowers and evergreens, were erected, flags were displayed, and the cheering was enthusiastic as the procession passed on.

Among those on the platform at the railway terminus were the Right Rev. Dr. M'Evilly, Bishop of Galway; N. Lynch, D. L., J. P.; H. Comerford, J. P.; Thomas M. Persse, J. P.; A. Rush, J. P.; John Martyn, Tullyra, J. P.; Theobald Blake, J. P.; Captain Blake Forster, J. P.; Nicholas Colohan, Prof. Q. C.; C. Croker King, Prof. Q. C.; Dr. Moffatt, Prof. Q. C.; the Town and Harbor Commissioners, and several of the Poor Law Guardians.

In the evening, several bonfires were lighted.

CROPS IN IRELAND.—The great and long-continued heat has been rather prejudicial to the cattle and crops in some places. Meadowing has gone up to a very high price in the counties of Tipperary and Limerick. Some of the grain crops, it is stated, have suffered, and potatoes, it is feared, will be short of growth.

GALWAY PACKET STATION.—At the meeting of The Louth Grand Jury, on the 22d ult., the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "That the representatives of their county should be called upon to give every opposition, in their places in Parliament, to the attempt now made to violate the contract which was entered into by the late Government with the Directors of the Royal Atlantic Company—an attempt which, in our opinion, if successful, would tend to stifle all commercial progress in this country."

FRANCE.

It is asserted that a Military Convention between France and Austria, relative to Italy, has been concluded, and that Lombardy is to take a fair share of the national debt.

The Paris correspondent of The Herald says that there is something like two hundred millions francs unexpended out of the late loan, *and it is understood that the surplus is to be applied to the navy.*

The French fleet had sailed from Lussino, and it was reported that a portion of the French army had begun to leave Italy.

Count Persigny had arrived in Paris from London. It is said he took with him an assurance that England would give her adhesion to the Congress on condition of a general and immediate disarmament on the part of France.

It is said that the Emperor will make his public entry into Paris on Sunday Aug. 14, at the head of part of the army of Italy. The troops will halt on the following day for the usual *Fete* Napoleon.

After the 17th the Emperor proceeds, with the Empress, to the Pyrenees.

The Duke of Malakoff had been appointed Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor.

The Emperor had granted a pension of three thousand francs from his private purse to the mother of Gen. Anger, killed in Italy.

It was reported that 200,000 men are to be discharged from the army on renewable furlough, the advantage being that the Government will have them still on hand, while their cost can be diverted to other purposes.

The Paris Flour and Wheat Market was firm, owing to the reports that the wheat crop would be less than has been anticipated. The provincial corn markets close firm and advancing.

Accounts from the wine regions are unfavorable; the grapes had been injured by the excessive heat, and prices tended upward. Brandies were quiet.

The Moniteur de la Flotte, Government organ, says that Denmark has ceded the island of St. Thomas to the United States.

Count Pourtales, the Prussian Ambassador, had arrived in Paris.

The Bourse had been animated and higher, but on the 26th an article in The Moniteur on armaments caused a reaction, and prices declined one-fourth; the Rentes closed flat at 67f. 90c.

The report of France being ready to disarm had a limited influence, the belief being that the Army would not tolerate such a step on an extensive scale.

The Paris correspondent of The Times says it was reported that Count Walewski had drawn out a plan for the Confederation of Italy, and submitted it confidentially to the Cabinet. It consists of seven States, and the Presidency is given nominally to the Pope but really to the Kings of Sardinia and Naples alternately. The strong places to be garrisoned by Federal troops are Gaeta, Mantua and Piacenza. The votes in the Federal Diet are to be distributed as follows: Parma and Modena, one each; the Pope two, Tuscany two, Sardinia and Naples each three.

FRENCH NAVAL PREPARATIONS AND ENGLISH FEARS OF INVASION.—A late letter from Marseilles speaks thus of the French channel squadron: "The channel squadron which it has recently been determined to form is to consist of twelve liners, ten of which are at Brest and Cherbourg. This is, I believe, independent of the ocean squadron which is fitting out at Brest. The St. Louis and Ville de Paris have just returned to Toulon, and are under orders to join the channel squadron. It is stated, with what foundation I do not pretend to say, that before many weeks

are passed the Brest and channel squadrons will be able to form a fleet of thirty ships of the line, besides the proper proportion of heavy frigates. The greatest activity is displayed in Toulon dockyard to get ready and launch the two frigates Invincible and Gloire."

THE STATES OF THE CHURCH.

The Pontifical Government had issued a circular to its representatives abroad, complaining that the refusal of the dictatorship of the Roman Legations by the King of Sardinia was completely illusory. The nomination of the Marquis D'Azeglio is complained of as a flagrant violation of its neutrality. Other acts of usurpation against the legitimate authority of the Pope are quoted, and the circular says they provoked, in the Holy Father, much indignation at seeing that such enormities proceeded from the Government of a Catholic King, who had accepted the advice of his august ally to refuse the dictatorship offered him. His Holiness decrees this protest to be communicated to all the European Powers, and trusts they will co-operate in vindicating his rights, for which purpose he invokes their assistance and protection.

Baron Hubner, formerly Austrian ambassador at Paris, had arrived at Rome to replace Count Colloredo as Austrian ambassador there.

Letters from Rome assert that the principle of an Italian Confederation had been accepted by the Pope. A majority of the Cardinals in conference voted in favor of the Pope accepting the Presidency.

The French ambassador had an extraordinary audience of the Pope of two hours' duration.

MODENA AND TUSCANY.

It was rumored that the Duke of Modena proposed to arm 4,000 Austrian troops to enable him to enter his State; also, that a division of the French army will enter Parma and Tuscany, and another corps the Roman Legation, for the purpose simply of preserving order and allowing a free expression of public opinion.

It is reported that Grand Duke of Tuscany has expressed a willingness to abdicate in favor of his son, who promises a constitution, but the Tuscans object altogether to the dynasty.

The Municipality of Florence had formerly expressed a desire for annexation to an Italian Kingdom under Victor Emanuel, or that Tuscany should be governed by a Prince of the House of Savoy, in case annexation should be impossible. The Tuscan Government had sent Prof. Mallencel on a special mission to Turin and Paris.

SARDINIA.

A Paris telegraph, dated Tuesday evening, to The London Post, says Sardinia has named, as her plenipotentiary at Zurich, M. des Ambois. It is expected that he will visit Paris before proceeding to his destination. Austria, however, refuses to meet any Sardinian representative, but will leave it open to Sardinia to accede to the treaty after it shall have been concluded between Austria and France.

Le Nord says one of the first acts of the new Ministry will be to put an end to the present Dictatorship, to convoke the Chambers, and present an electoral bill applicable to Lombardy. A dissolution will afterward take place. In order to effect in the new Chambers the complete fusion of Piedmont and Lombardy, the King will preside, and the Parliament will sit alternate years at Turin and Milan.

Turin journals say that the Sardinian army, reinforced by recruitments in Lombardy, is to be raised to 100,000 men.

In regard to Garibaldi's position, it is said that he was, on the 15th ult, summoned to Brescia by Gen. Della Marmora, with whom he had a long confidential interview; that he had a force of 12,000 men, which continued to increase; and that he expressed confidence in the King of Sardinia's not forsaking the national cause.

A letter from Milan says that Garibaldi was contemplating a move from the Alps to the Apennines—from Northern to Central Italy. There will be a gathering of about 50,000 volunteers in the Romagna, and Garibaldi's corps, joined to that of Mezzocapo, will form an army capable of securing the independence of Central Italy, at least against the Roman or Neapolitan force.

ENGLAND.

In the House of Lords, on the 25th, Lord Lyndhurst, after defending himself from the charges made against him by Mr. Bright, on account of the warning voice he had raised, asked if the Admiralty was aware *that the French were arming their fleet with rifled cannon?*

The Duke of Summerset said he believed rifled cannon are being prepared for the French fleet, and that, although England had an improved cannon in the course of manufacture, it would not be ready for some time to come.

Sir Delacy Evans moved a resolution, that in view of the relations between the great military Powers of the Continent, a commission be appointed *to inquire into the national defences of England, and report what improvements may be made therein.*

Sidney Herbert said the Government would assent to the substance of the resolution, but not to the motion itself. The Government were about to appoint a committee, the names of which would be a guarantee for the earnestness of its endeavors to place the great arsenals of the country in a state to resist all attacks.

The Times strongly urges the *immediate arming of the navy with Armstrong guns, and increased exped tion in the manufacture of guns by private cont act.*

The article in The Moniteur, already alluded to, taking exception to the Military and Naval Expenditure of England, became known, and a fall of one-quarter occurred in consols. From this there was no recovery, and the closing quotations were an eighth below Monday.

The London Herald has the best authority for stating that the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia will soon visit England.

We find the following in a Liverpool paper: "Ministers say that we could summon home the Mediterranean fleet; but the reply is that France has a stronger fleet in the Mediterranean than we have, and that ours would have enough to do there. As to the ships which are being built and the ships which are to be built, and the steam ram which is to be ready next year, and the Armstrong guns which are to be cast forthwith, we are told that they will in all probability be useless, as the invader is not so foolish as to suspend the blow for twelve months, in order to enable us to complete our preparations."

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR AND OF THE PEACE.

How the Emperor Napoleon Brought About the Peace.—A letter in The Independence Belge gives the following interesting account of the overtures which brought about the peace:—As you are aware, the diplomatic world is persuaded that there are some secret combinations between the Emperor of the French and Francis Joseph. I can neither deny or affirm such rumors, but what is certain is, that for the last two days the Emperor appears to be absorbed in thought. He has received numerous despatches from Germany, and it was clearly seen that some secret working was going on in his mind. Among the attendants of the Emperor, and at the headquarters, there was an expectation of some bold move upon Verona, when upon leaving table (the day has not been told me), about seven in the evening, the Emperor sent for General Fleury. "My dear General," he said to him, in presence of the king of Sardinia, who looked very anxious, but who, nevertheless, shortly after, approved with a wave of his hand and a nod the Emperor's words, "I want at this moment a military diplomatist. I want a man who is mild, conciliatory and amiable. I have thought of you. Here is a letter I am now addressing to the Emperor of Austria; you will take it to Verona. Read it; make yourself master of its tendency. I ask for a truce; it is necessary that the Emperor Joseph should accept it. I depend on your intelligence to develope the ideas, the germs of which are in this letter." Thereupon he gave him a few explanations, which received the King of Piedmont's approval. The General took a carriage, and, accompanied by M. Verriere, his aide-de-camp, set out for Verona. Although the distance was not great, the difficulties in getting to the outposts were extreme. General Fleury did not enter Verona before half past ten at night. The Emperor of Austria was in bed and fast asleep; but when it was mentioned to his aide-de-camp on duty that General Fleury had brought a letter from the Emperor of the French, they woke up the Emperor. He dressed in haste, and then General Fleury was introduced. On reading Naploeon's letter surprise and emotion were depicted on his Majesty's countenance. "Your communication is a very serious one," said he, "and I require reflection. Remain here till to-morrow morning; by eight o'clock I will give you the answer." "I am at your Majesty's orders," replied General Fleury; nevertheless, I crave permission to submit a few matters for your consideration, which will explain to your Majesty the steps taken by the Emperor." General Fleury now entered at length on the reasons which should induce the Emperor Francis Joseph to accept the proposition made to him, the proximity of the two armies rendering a conflict imminent; the mediation that would arrive too late; and the formidable attack preparing against Venice. "The considerations you hold out to me are weighty," replied Francis Joseph; "I will think of them, and to-morrow morning you shall have my answer." He ordered his grand equerry to vacate his apartment for General Fleury. At eight o'clock the General was introduced; the Emperor of Austria had a long conversation with him, and finally handed him the answer. Three hours later the General had returned, and was with the Emperor. Owing to these communications, an interview took place between Marshal Vaillant and General Hess. But the Emperor Napoleon had resolved upon his course. He thought that a congress would occasion delays, and that the basis of peace once fixed between the two sovereigns, all would be easy. It was the interest of both to make it. Napoleon's argument is this:—"We are overrun by the revolution; I do not wish it any more than you do. We both wish to maintain a Pontifical authority, for we are both Catholics; let us come to an understanding." The Emperor of Austria has comprehended the full range of the imperial ideas; he thoroughly identified himself with them, and I believe that the most complete understanding now prevails between the two sovereigns.

Cases of great Bravery.—The following are some additional anecdotes of the battle of Solferino:—"Corporal Ferriere of the 3d company of Foot Chasseurs, scaled at the head of his men an eminence on which the Austrians had placed a battery which kept up a murderous fire on the French. On doing so he had his left arm completely shattered by grape. He exclaimed, 'No matter, before I die I will bring down one of the officers.' So saying, he threw down his rifle, which was no longer of any use to him, drew his sabre, and with his left arm hanging by merely some of the muscles, rushed forward, through a shower of grape, reached the battery, and plunged his sabre up to the hilt into the body of the captain. An Austrian colonel, who saw the act, ran to the spot, and with his pistol blew out the corporal's brains and he expired on the body of the captain. . . Mdme Cros, a vivandiere of the Fort Chasseurs, a pretty woman of twenty-two, and the wife of one of the chasseurs, requested permission of her husband who was in the reserve, to follow the attack and assist the wounded. Taking with her a keg of brandy, a canteen of water, and a package of linen and lint, she went forward into the thick of the fight, heedless of the balls, and dressed the wounds of many of the men, and among them that of the Cente Garde who was struck in the head when close to the Emperor. A short time after she saw one of the chasseurs lying on the ground wounded in the side. She stooped down and gave him some water with a few drops of brandy in it. While the man was drinking a ball broke her little finger, smashed the glass, and killed the man. Mdme. Cros then proceeded to the ambulance to have her wound dressed, while on the way she saw a soldier named Riche, both of whose legs had been perforated by a ball. Being wounded herself she could not lift the man up, but she adopted another expedient. She stooped down and telling him to clasp both his arms round her neck, in that manner she managed to drag him to the ambulance. On the following day Mdme. Cros was told by the surgeon that her finger must be amputated. 'Well then' said she, 'do it at once,' and the operation was effected without her uttering a word. Some rings on her middle finger which were broken by the ball were afterwards presented to the Emperor, to whom the courageous conduct of the cantiniere was related.

Treatment of Austrian Prisoners in France.—I have just returned from a visit to Nantes, Tours, Blois, &c., where I have had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with a number of the Austrian prisoners, whom I can report upon as being all well and hearty, and as happy as it is possible to be under the circumstances. The greatest number of prisoners I saw was at Nantes; but these were principally common soldiers, dressed in a coarse white tunic, blue trousers, and blue cap without visor. For the most part they are extremely young, and inspire much pity from their weakly appearance when compared with their dresses. They are to be seen in all parts of the town, wandering about with their German pipes, gazing into shops, or vainly endeavoring to make themselves understood. About the barracks close to the Nantes Cathedral the Austrians were certainly more numerous than the French troops, with whom they might be seen walking up and down the avenue arm-in-arm. In all cases these poor fellows seem to be treated with the greatest kindness and consideration, and their captivity must sit easily upon them.

Most of the officers have been quartered at Tours. At the Hotel de la Galere, where I stopped, there were thirty of these gentlemen, whom I found to be highly amiable and intelligent. They were delighted to enter into conversation in their own language, as very few of them speak French. They are very comfortably provided for by the Emperor Napoleon, of whom they spoke with the highest respect. They have an allowance of 100 francs a month from the Imperial Treasury, and the proprietor of the Hotel de la Galere provides them each with a chamber and two meals daily, with a bottle of wine each, for 70 francs a month, so that they have 30 francs a month for their *menus plaisirs.* One superior officer, of whom I shall ever preserve an agreeable souvenir, informed me that the French Emperor was looked upon as a great genius by the Austrian army, and all his companions in misfortune agreed in pronouncing him to be a *tuchtiger kerl.* I accompanied some of these gentlemen in their evening promenade on the bridge which traverses the Loire, and it was very gratifying to see every person who passed salute the unfortunate Austrians in the most respectful manner. Their sojourn in France will create a host of friends for the polite French nation when they return to Germany, for their warm German hearts seem already overflowing with gratitude at the kindness they have experienced ever since their capture at the battle of Magenta.

Count Cavour and the French Emperor.—No one was more disagreeably surprised at the sudden termination of hostilities than Count Cavour himself. The intelligence of peace having been concluded and of the interview of the Sovereigns at Villafranca reached him simultaneously. He immediately started for Lombardy, and reached headquarters at the moment when, by a curious coincidence, the Emperor and Victor Emanuel were having an interview together. He of course applied first to his own Sovereign, who referred him to the "*magnanimo e valeroso alcato.*" Cavour turned to the imperial sphynx, who was quietly whiffing cigarettes in his favorite standing attitude, and delivered a long and impassioned speech, alluding to the promises put forth in the Milan proclamation (8th of June), and asking what guarantees Austria had given for the due realization of those hopes so generously put forth and so shamefully deceived. His Imperial Majesty threw away his paper cigar, and lighted another, and between two whiffs, merely observed—"*Il fait bien chaud, Monsieur le Comte.*" After this it is not very surprising that Cavour should have resigned.

The Feeling of the Discontented in Turin.—A few days since the printsellers' windows were crowded with portraits of Napoleon III The morning after my arrival these were removed, and that of Felice Orsini substituted in its place. This proceeding was the cause of a scene of which I send you a sketch:—A captain of French gendarmerie, walking along the via di Po had his attention attracted to the change. In a moment the portrait of the ill-advised Italian patriot was torn from its position and trampled beneath the officer's feet; while a convalescent French soldier who was passing at the time prevented those present from interfering. Since then the authorities have compelled every printseller to remove the obnoxious engraving from his windows, which has been done; but still means are found to give expression to the public feeling. L'Italia, a radical Turinese journal publishes an advertisement in large type to the effect that the whole of the Orsini trial may be obtained in a complete form at a specified place.

Garibaldi Will Not Lay Down his Arms.—The Nord publishes a correspondence from Paris from which the following is an extract: "It is affirmed that Garibaldi, dissatisfied with the terms of the peace arranged between the two Emperors at Villafranca, has written to Napoleon a letter complaining of the results of the war, in which he announces his intention of never laying down his arms until the Legations are freed from the temporal power of the Pope. In Tuscany the discontent is increasing, and they openly avow their determination to establish a republic rather than submit to the Grand Duke."

Catholic Lectures.—We would direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. T. L. Nichols, announcing a course of Lectures which he will deliver during the present month, at Mozart Hall. The subject of these lectures embraces the history, doctrines, and results of Catholicity and Protestantism.

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALY.....Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make THE RECORD a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be duly informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

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Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design of the Editor to make its Miscellaneous reading both entertaining and instructive.

The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partizan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported, or how ably conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York:

NEW YORK, Nov. 2, 1858.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chasm without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support.

"Yours, faithfully, in Christ,
+ JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This journal will be published weekly at No. 371 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

Price per year served by carrier..... ..$3 00
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All orders sent to the Publication Office, No. 371 Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

ED. DUNIGAN & BRO.,
(JAMES B. KIRKER,) Publisher.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 13, 1859.

ENGLAND DOES NOT WANT TO BE A PARTY TO THE PEACE CONGRESS AT ZURICH.

We have read again and again in The London Times and other English journals, as well as in the speeches of English statesmen, that England does not desire to take part in the deliberations of the Peace Congress which, according to arrangement, is to meet at Zurich. The persistency with which this resolution is announced from time to time would naturally lead to the belief that neither the English press nor the Government, whose sentiments a portion of it may be regarded as expressing, really mean what is said. This belief is still further strengthened by the fact that such a course is entirely at variance with the well known policy of England. There is no country which possesses more of the spirit of intermeddling, a spirit which has led her to interfere in the internal affairs of every country in Europe, and which in the event of an invasion of her own soil would leave her without a friend among the nations. It may be all very well, therefore, for the press of England and for her statesmen to publish the intention of the Government to take no part in the settlement of the terms of the peace, the preliminaries of which were entered into at Villafranca on the 11th of last month; and those who are so simple as to give that government credit for frankness and sincerity may wonder at the self-abnegation that has prompted such a determination. But the fact is the British Government which has had a hand in the making of so many treaties in Europe (which were certainly anything but improved thereby) has been completely ignored in the present instance by the French and Austrian Emperors who have wisely concluded to settle their own differences without the interference of a third power and particularly of one which entertains no friendly feelings towards either. Here then is the trouble: the English Government has not been invited to send a representative to the forthcoming Congress at Zurich and the announcement referred to in the English press and in the speeches of English statesmen is a vain attempt to hide the mortification that is felt at this blow to her standing and influence in the political relations of the Continent. In the position which they have taken on this question of the exclusion of Great Britain from any part in the proceedings of the Congress Louis Napoleon and Francis Joseph have struck a blow at English supremacy which she will never forget nor forgive.

Here in this fact we will find the simple explanation of the terrible apprehensions by which the public mind of Great Britain is moved to its very depths. It indicates unmistakably the feeling with which both these now, we are happy to say, friendly Powers regard the British Government, and it also evinces a determination on their part to put a stop to her interference in Continental matters, at least so far as their influence extends. But it is not merely a feeling of mortification by which the British Government are moved—there is something deeper and more serious. They are alarmed at the commanding position which the success of the French Emperor has given to France, and are possessed by the fear that at no distant day he may carry out the design which is imputed to him of invading their own country. They are excited to a most unpleasant degree by the astonishing progress and increase of the French navy, and by the evidences that are forced upon them continually that the alliance which broke up British prestige by exposing British inefficiency before the walls of Sebastopol, is devoid of that true friendship, on either side, without which all alliances must be regarded as mere conveniences to be got rid of when they are no longer required. That there was no sincerity in the alliance is proved by the English press itself, which never omitted an opportunity of showing the national animosity by which it was actuated when speaking of the French people and their Government.

Hereafter, if Louis Napoleon is true to himself and the people he governs, he will not lend his aid and the influence of his Government to the so-called liberators who were enlisted under the banners of the allies, and to whose policy we have always regretted he should have become a party. That alliance, it is now well known, was encouraged by Palmerston and other English statesmen, not from a sincere desire to promote the cause they professed to favor, but in the hope that it would result in the overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope and the eventual destruction of the Catholic religion. Of the hollowness of their friendship Louis Napoleon is now aware, whatever doubts he might before have entertained upon the subject, and it is to be hoped that he will hereafter make it a part of his policy to put a stop to British intrigue in the Italian Peninsula. By doing this he will secure himself more strongly upon his throne than by gaining a hundred victories. Indeed, we are inclined to believe that it is his design to follow out such a policy, and we regard the discontent of Cavour, who has hitherto been patted on the back by the British press, and the general dissatisfaction of the Infidels, Socialists, Red Republicans and other enemies of the Church, as a strong indication of his policy with regard to English influence on the Continent. There are those, however who are forcibly impressed with the conviction that the most effectual way to destroy British supremacy is by the invasion of England herself; and, judging from the designs of Napoleon, so far as he has made them known, there is ground for the belief, as we have said on former occasions, that he is not a stranger to the same conviction. The peace that has been established between the two great Catholic powers which, but a few short weeks ago, were arrayed against each other in suicidal warfare, will, we trust, lead to a firm and lasting alliance. We have honestly entertained the belief that the policy which led to such a strife was injurious to the best interests of the two nations, and we never ceased to deprecate the sad spectacle of two great Catholic countries that ought to be united engaged in the fearful work of butchery, with the horrid details of which we have all been made but too familiar. While, however, such have been our feelings, we rejoice, in common with our fellow-Catholics, at the abrupt and happy termination of a war that threatened to place both France and Austria in the power of England, who, when they were sufficiently weakened by the struggle, would have been no way backward in offering her services for the settlement of the quarrel. We say we are rejoiced at this, and we sincerely hope that the peace will be followed by the expulsion of English intriguers from Italy, whether they are in the pay of the British Government or in the service of its secret ally and tool, Count Cavour.

CAN SARDINIA RULE LOMBARDY WITH BENEFIT TO THE PEOPLE AT LARGE?---HOW WILL VICTOR EMANUEL STAND IN THE ITALIAN CONFEDERATION?

King Victor Emanuel, of Sardinia, holds a very unfortunate position at this moment, so far as regards his relations towards Austria, France, the Holy See, the Lombard and Italian people in general, and the different Cabinets of Europe. For the space of eight or nine years, his constant dream has been of living to see a united Italian kingdom, having—what would be its immediate ruin—himself at its head. His ambition took such a turn as to render him perfectly unscrupulous as to the means to be used for its realization, and thus we find that within a short time after the abdication of his father he permitted himself to become the mere tool of Cavour and others of his class both in London and Turin, who assured him that they could accomplish the desired end. Acted on by the representations of such mercenaries, the King forgot for a moment his religion and his sense of royal comity.

Immediately before the commencement of the Crimean war he was assured by his Ministers that a petty attack on the property of the Church would give him immense *eclat* in England, and even in France, and thus enable him to stand forward as a "great," "independent," "liberal," and "constitutional" power. He believed the men and lent himself to the passage of the measure which declared the property of the Bishops, the Nuns, the Sisters of Charity and Monks confiscated to the State; and so unrelentingly were its provisions carried out that these religious bodies were immediately deprived of the shelter and means of support afforded them by the piety of the people. England understood his policy, but the people of France despised it; both, however, agreed to permit him to exhibit his banner—the exhibition being paid for by the former—in the campaign. When the struggle ended Cavour told the King that he was in reality a strong Power, and hence his reclamations for admission to the Paris Conferences, which would have set him far ahead of all the surrounding petty States of Italy—in political prestige. Failing in this, and almost bankrupt in finance, King Victor sought the aid of all the revolutionary and red republican party, no matter where located, thinking by the help of that body to create a rebellion against his brother Sovereigns of Parma, Modena, Tuscany, the States of the Church, and Austria, effectuate their overthrow by any means, and thus come to rule himself over eighteen millions of Italians, besides swallowing up their treasuries.

Notwithstanding the amounts of yearly aggregated taxes, taken from his suffering subjects, the king saw at the end of 1858 that a state bankruptcy was inevitable and in order to stave off the calamity he precipitated the late war with Austria, seeking the alliance of France, which was given by Napoleon with aims and objects, it would now appear, different from those entertained by Cavour or his employer. That war has ended and what is the result? The gallantry, discipline, enthusiasm and unconquerable spirit of race, which distinguishes the French army enabled it to beat the Austrians on some five or six bloody fields. On each occasion King Victor lent his support in men and personal military skill, the latter not at all of an inferior order, to his august friend. Did he find a suitable reward? Perhaps he did, but it looks as an immense reduction of his estimate of self importance to hear that Napoleon concluded a peace without consulting him, and made terms with the Emperor of Austria who actually refused to admit the King to his presence. Having effected a settlement Napoleon takes over the province of Lombardy from Francis Joseph and hands it to Victor Emanuel, creating him by the act a vassal of France, and directing him, no doubt, at the same moment, to so administer its affairs that his rule will please both the Cabinets of Paris and Vienna.

Now this is not a very respectable or very powerful commission, and we find that, even now, the Lombards are discontented with the transfer. They have a national hatred to the circulation of paper money in Lombardy, and, knowing this, the Austrians never issued any of it. Driven on by his poverty, however, we find that the King of Sardinia has already ordered that the notes of the Bank of Turin—depreciated to an immense extent in value—shall be taken at par in the newly acquired territory. This royal shin-plaster spoliation has created a very great amount of indignation.

Not being able to obtain a loan in Europe Sardinia is utterly powerless to repair even one mile of the great Austro-Lombard railroads destroyed during the war, build up a breach in any of the canals, or plant a single mulberry tree. So that we find her utterly incapacitated from improving the internal resources of the country, giving employment to the people, or promoting again the silk trade, now—as Americans will find to their cost—almost entirely ruined by the contest into which the country was plunged.

Instead of finding himself at the head of an Italian Confederation Victor Emanuel knows that the Holy Father has been offered the Honorary Presidency of such a body and that it awaits his decision, as to whether he will become so or not. In all this the King has not been consulted, and we are sorry to see that, even yet, he is disposed to run his power, so far as it may go, against the free exercise of religion and the peace and quiet of the Catholics subject to him, his executive minister in Lombardy having cautioned the Bishops of Pavia and Milan against officiating—they having been sanctioned by the Austrian government—for fear of a popular manifestation against them, which, no doubt, would be stirred up by the agents of the State. In all this the King is most unfortunate, but we would hope that, owing to the sudden flight of Cavour from office, and the introduction of better and purer agencies into his cabinet, he will enter on a new era of government, and, perhaps, seek a re-

conciliation with the Head of the Church and a restoration to the good opinion of his fellow Christians. This is his only course.

Already have the statesmen of England and France pronounced their belief in the insincerity of Cavour, and no one can imagine that his counsels will ever openly influence the conduct of State affairs in Sardinia again; so that King Victor Emanuel had much better be guided by his own natural feelings, and enter the Italian Confederation as a repentant and truly honest member of that influential body. By doing so we would hope to hear that the few millions of Lombards so unceremoniously handed over to his care by Napoleon would, after a few years, realize again the social condition to which Austrian rule had brought them, as described in the following letter written to The London Times by its correspondent at Valleggio on the 5th of July. He says:

As for the Austrian Government, it is but just to say the peasantry have nothing to complain of, for you will be surprised to hear that, with the exception of the indirect taxation by the monopolies of salt, tobacco, stamped paper and the Custom House, *the peasant pays not a farthing of direct taxes.* Formerly there was a kind of poll tax, but this has been done away with. All the taxes are on the shoulders of the landlord. The greater part of this district consists of great properties, the owners of which reside for the most part in towns, coming only during the autumn to spend a few weeks on their properties. Only very few small properties are found which are cultivated by the labor of the owners; all the rest of the country people are merely farmers and laborers. *Those who have four or more oxen belong to the former class; they are given, according to their means of work, a certain amount of ground, with a house on it, which is supplied by the proprietor of the soil.* They have to get the seed and provide the necessary labor, and of the produce, two-thirds belong to them and one-third to the landlord, who, as proprietor, has to pay out of this third the heavy land tax, or, as it is called, the *prediale.*" Those who have no cattle or the means of procuring them are hired as yearly laborers. They get a house supplied, a certain number of oxen, according to the extent of the land they are to cultivate, and the manual labor the family can supply. The whole produce goes to the landlord, who gives out of it a certain pay in money, corn, maize, hay, wine, wood, &c., to his peasants, who are called *bovarii.* It is scarcely necessary to say that it is again the landlord who has to pay the land tax.

Can Victor Emanuel ever do so much for the people? We trust that he may, and that he may do it under the direction of a mind quieted by religion and enjoying "peace towards all men."

A FRENCH INVITATION TO ENGLAND TO COMPLETE THE WORK OF LOUIS NAPOLEON IN ITALY.

We would direct the attention of our readers to two articles, which will be found in another part of our present issue, giving the views of the English press upon the results of the war in Italy, and the feelings to which its sudden and unexpected termination has given rise. One of these is from The Quarterly Review, and it presents a fearful picture of the condition to which England would be reduced by a French invasion. The other we have translated from The Univers, which gives us, in a light, sketchy way, the opinions of some of the leading Austrian, Prussian and English papers on the treaty of Villafranca. The London Times meets with particular attention at the hands of the writer, and the discontent of that journal at what it regards as the unsatisfactory conditions of the peace is treated in a manner that is particularly refreshing. The power of the Pope, says the Thunderer of the British press, is increased, while Austria is rendered stronger than ever. This is truly a lamentable state of affairs, and it is no wonder that The Times should feel disgusted thereat. The Pope has not been obliged, after all, to resign his temporal authority. Count Cavour, the evil genius of the war, has been exorcised, and all the Red Republicans, Socialists, Infidels and discontented spirits generally have been terribly disappointed. Now, all this must be very annoying to the English press in general, and to The London Times in particular; but, as The Univers says, if the liberty of Venice is so dear to England, who or what is to hinder her from finishing the work begun by France?

This question is particularly opportune. What is to prevent England from stepping into the place which Louis Napoleon is accused of having deserted? Here is a magnificent opportunity for exhibiting that sincere love of liberty which the English press have always claimed as peculiar to the people of England, and as the great quality by which they are distinguished from the French. What a fine chance is here presented to "the only free country in Europe" to extend the blessings enjoyed by her people, and particularly by her Irish subjects, over the so-called downtrodden Venetians! Has she so soon forgotten her mission to extend the principles of civilization and freedom over the whole world, with Bibles, tracts, Manchester cottons, Sheffield cutlery, opium, and all the other spiritual and material blessings that follow in her evangelizing track. The case of Venice is but another added to the many that might be quoted to show the hollowness of British love of freedom. If England is really sincere in her desire for the freedom of Italy, let her come forward and carry out the programme which she accuses France of having left unfinished; let her do it by freeing Venice from Austrian rule; but before she attempts this, let her restore to the Irish people what they have so long demanded—that liberty and justice about which she has always so much to say, but with the practice of which she has so little to do.

THE INVASION PANIC IN ENGLAND---ATTEMPTS TO RESTORE THE ENTENTE CORDIALE.

The speeches which were recently delivered by the Earl of Derby, Lord Malmesbury and Mr. Disraeli at the grand Conservative banquet in London, and the addresses subsequently made to both Houses of Parliament by Lords Palmerston, John Russell and Lyndhurst, and Messrs. Gladstone, Bright and Disraeli, afford the most conclusive evidence that the great party leaders of England, both "ins" and "outs," have been seriously alarmed by the idea of a French invasion of the country, which would, in all human probability be attended with complete success, in consequence of the splendid condition of the army and navy under command of Napoleon, and the really little power of resistance, moral, military or naval, which Great Britain possesses in order to meet the attack if undertaken. The great feudal barons trembled at even the idea of the consequences which would ensue to themselves and their heirs if the "reformer of Italy" should order a redistribution of that property so violently torn by their ancestors from either the people or the Church some centuries ago; whilst Gladstone and Disraeli, as representatives of that huge system of financial frauds which grinds to earth the material energies of the nation at large, groaned—Gentile and Jew—in company at the very prospect of its dissolution. Mr. Bright, the newly elected representative of the commercial interests, professed his faith in Napoleon's "good intentions;" but perhaps Mr. Bright had even then in his mind's eye the future of "free trade," a "manhood suffrage" and "cheap labor," resulting from the reduction of the immense system of taxation required for the support of such expensive establishments as the Court, Church and Poor Law Boards of his native land.

Amidst all this official and class excitement the people of England, Ireland and Scotland—the toiling and producing millions—were remarkably quiescent. There were no "anti-French" or "anti-invasion" meetings held, and the expression of hostility to the notion as given in the newspapers printed in the provinces and country towns has been, indeed, very weak. Perhaps they do not look on Napoleon as such a bugbear after all. They have been repeatedly told of how "generously" he treated the Italian people, and how "magnanimous" he has been towards Austria. The fact has been held up to them as one entitling him to admiration and praise that his late ally, and newly-appointed land factor in Lombardy, has decreed the abolition of the Church establishment in that province, placing clergymen of all denominations on a par in the eye of the law. Now, the Catholics of Ireland and the dissenters of England and Scotland have been ridden down and domineered over for centuries by a law established church so gigantic, so disproportioned to the wants of its worshippers, and so voracious as regards the demands of its Bishops and Clergy, that few strangers—particularly Americans—can form even an idea of its drain on the resources of the country or contemplate how persistently it has placed itself in the way of popular progress and franchise rights, not only in the United Kingdom but all over Europe.

Perhaps the people of Great Britain think that Napoleon could and would rid them of this heavy burden, and free them from such a haughty badge of creed inferiority, and hence they take the matter quite easy, leaving it to those who plundered the valuables to guard the house and property, if they can, in the hour of danger. We fear indeed that all the force which England could muster in her hour of need would be of little avail in repelling a French invasion if seriously undertaken—which we are now told it will not be—by the "man of destiny" who rules in Paris. Her late effort to complete the manning of the navy was a failure, the Queen's increased bounty having brought out only about five thousand recruits, most of them raw land lads of from sixteen to eighteen years of age, whilst her militia and rifle corps outside of the large cities are the most infantile specimens of army nuclei when contrasted with the army of trained, educated, and high-spirited regiments which have lately followed the French banner from the Malakoff to the Alps, from the Alps to Solferino; and which would bound forth with, if possible, a renewed energy of race and faith if ordered by the Emperor to plant it either on the ramparts of Plymouth, or Portsmouth, or the most lofty turret of Windsor Castle.

It will also be recollected that England has to furnish from her navy, fleets for service all the way from China and India to Canada and Jamaica with vessels to support her designs in the Gulf of Mexico, Central America, on the fishing coast of Newfoundland, and in Australia, and Japan, in fact in every portion of the world where people are to be overawed, revenue taxes to be collected, her commerce to be forced on, or specie to be smuggled away. On the contrary France can concentrate her magnificent fleet of ships-of-the-line and steam frigates in her ports along the coast and the waters of the Mediterranean, her colonial service requiring only very few vessels of a small (mail packets in general) class.

Our last advices from Europe state, however, that the invasion panic was much calmed by the assurances of Napoleon that he would disarm France to a reasonable extent provided England did the same thing and that both powers had agreed on the course. A French disarmament and an English one are two very different affairs, for in the one country the soldiers and seamen merely obtain leave of absence—government saving their pay in the meantime—and are ready to rejoin their standards at a moment's notice, whilst in England the men are paid off in full, the sailors being immediately absorbed in merchant vessels, either of a home or foreign flag, so that if a war breeze stir up soon again she has to go through the same scenes of recruiting excitement in order to procure fresh hands.

Napoleon knows this well. He also knows that he himself wants money, and that the complications resulting from the Italian war are only just now thickening towards maturity. He can afford to wait, as it serves him, being well assured that his powerful neighbor will gain but little additional strength from a brief breathing time.

We have little faith in the continuance for any length of time of the *entente cordiale* between England and France but we do imagine that the man who has assured the world that "he has Waterloo to avenge" may attempt that feat whilst he rules such a noble, gallant, and devoted a nation as the French, with what results, for good or evil, to Great Britan, France and the world at large, remains to be seen. Ireland we hope would not suffer in any way from wilful intent of the "Liberator of Italy."

The "Invasion of England" is the watchword of the French millions, and neither Palmerston nor Persigny can stifle or extinguish it.

DISAPPOINTMENTS FROM THE PEACE IN ITALY---KINGS, COUNTS, CABINETS AND CONSPIRATORS IN HIGH DUDGEON.

The sudden conclusion of the treaty of Villafranca at a personal interview between the Emperors of France and Austria, and the consequent restoration of peace in the different States of Italy, has disappointed an immense number of persons in every grade of life in the old world, and not a few of their sympathizers in the United States. We annex a categorical list of the individuals and governments who are permitted just now to "mourn the hopes that leave them."

Count Emile Benson Cavour—putting the most important man first—has been terribly disappointed. For more than a dozen years this person had applied all the energies of his unscrupulous mind to the fomenting of discord in the independent States of Italy which border Piedmont; the organization and direction of conspiracies against the neighboring Grand Dukes; the sovereignty of the Holy Father in the cities of the Legations; religion and church property, and social order in general, whenever it stood in the way of his base and selfish purposes. His spirit was so unquiet at an early age that we find King Charles Albert—father of Cavour's recent royal *protege*—dismissed him from the Sardinian navy as a dangerous individual. By a subsequent intrusive "rubbing of skirts" to those of statesmen in France and England, he managed to make some of them believe that he had talent as a modern reformer. He made many visits to the last named country, and although none of her rulers believed in the least in his honesty, many of them—particularly the directors of the "Minto mission" to Rome—kept him in view as a useful tool to be employed for the purposes of forwarding, or directing any continental political complications which they might approve of. Thus, through his agency, Sardinia was permitted to flaunt her *hired* flag in the Crimea, side by side with the banners of England and France, and the "constitutional" King was cheered to the echo by England when he carried out Cavour's plan for the robbery of the church, the banishment of priests, nuns and monks, and the subsequent forcible expulsion of many of them from the Piedmontese territory. In fact, Cavour, at the time the war broke out, and for a month or so after, "ran well," as our politicians say, for the honor of being "Tribune of Italy." As acknowledged now by the Palmerston Cabinet and French journals, he deceived both nations by his statements as to the public feeling existing toward Austria, and thus obtained, by his characteristic "false pretences," a great amount of sympathy for himself and Victor Emanuel.

We have already noticed what a number of decrees, provisional government forms, customs collection rules, treasonable manifestos, territorial annexation papers, and the like, this indefatigable "Jeremy Diddler" had ready prepared before the allies entered Lombardy, and we know how rapidly he issued them in Parma, Tuscany, Modena, Bologna, Romagna, Perugia, and other places, erecting new governments, and knocking down (on paper) crowned heads with a rapidity not exceeded by that of Napoleon the First, when similarly employed. Napoleon the Third, however, took a complete measure of Cavour, and saw at once through his plots. Thus we find that the "Tribune" was not at all consulted in the matter of the peace arrangements, no more than his kingly employer, and—what a grand disappointment—the first effect of the news was the proving to him that his "game was all up," and his immediate running from office in disgust, a "Tribune" of Italy in nothing except a forced poverty, for Sardinia has had not a cent in her treasury for years past, and Cavour was not able to realize anything from his late levies on the other States until Napoleon put an end to the play. We read that Cavour ran off, when he heard of the peace, to Napoleon's headquarters, and it is to be presumed that he entered the royal presence just in such a state of mind as was exhibited by the famous Titus Oates when England disbelieved his testimony, at last, in the Popish Plot trials, and one batch of prisoners was acquitted. Titus then rushed from court, tearing his hair and the red robes in which he was clothed by the crown, exclaiming in his broad accent, "They're smothering the pl-o-at! They're smothering the pl-o-at!" Just so must Cavour have felt when his grand "plot" was destroyed, his resignation accepted, and Count Arese—an old friend of Napoleon's, and his fellow traveller and bed-fellow in New York and other places—was ordered to take his place. Arese is a Lombard, and has no one sympathy with the Red Republicans of Piedmont.

Napoleon has extinguished Cavour, the Geneva reformer and set up the Pope as President of the Italian Confederation. How must not Cavour be disappointed?

Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia, is very much disappointed. He, advised by Cavour, was persistent in his efforts for war with Austria. Well, he got an ally and got into war. In the end the two Emperors met, and, after Victor's little army was nearly annihilated in the different battles, he would not be admitted to the presence of the sovereigns of Austria and France. Napoleon, in his usual cool manner, took over the Lombard territory from Austria and then passed it to him, thus making him, *nolens volens*, a vassal of France instead of an elected ruler of all Italy. Napoleon gave him no money, though, and he is so poor that Lombardy is to him like the elephant won at a raffle by the man "who could not hold it and was afraid to leave it go loose." King Victor could not rebuild one yard of the miles of the Austro-Lombard railroads destroyed in the war; and what will he do? Indulge in his disappointment? We hope not. King Victor finds that, if he accept it, the Pope will be President of the Italian Confederation; so we trust, now that Cavour is gone, he will repent of the acts which carned his excommunication by the Holy Father, restore all the Church property, and thus take his seat in that body, keeping in mind the Horatian maxim of "*ne sutor ultra crepidam.*"

Prince Eugene of Savoy is terribly disappointed. Money, had by any or all means, was the grand *desideratum* of Cavour and Company when the war was commenced, and The Piedmontese Gazette publishes a decree issued by Prince Eugene, dated Turin, July 5, (two days before the armistice), by which a war tax, amounting to one-tenth of all the taxes paid on real property, trade licenses, public and private conveyances, mortmain property, the customs dues, salt, gunpowder, stamped paper, mortgage inscriptions, potable liquors, &c., was imposed both on the old and new provisions of the kingdom. It was calculated that this measure, *which naturally ceases to have effect after the conclusion of peace*, would produce eighteen millions of francs.

What a haul was in contemplation there, and what a disappointment in not having fobbed a portion even of these millions! Now, this was cruel in Napoleon; for, having had his own loan and taxes all paid up in France, he should have exhibited that "fellow-feeling which makes one wondrous kind." But he did not, and hence Prince Eugene is in the "blues" of financial embarrassment. Cavour's newly appointed Governor of Lombardy is disappointed, for we read that he had already made himself very unpopular by issuing notes of *the Bank of Turin and declaring them to be a legal tender.* Paper money has always been disliked by the Lombards, *and the Austrian Government never ventured on putting it in circulation.*

England is immensely disappointed by the peace treaty and the manner of its conclusion. Palmerston thought that France and Austria would eat each other up, like "Kilkenny cats," and when their armies were both nearly swept away England would be called in to settle the affairs of Italy, and thus let Exeter Hall have a fine chance at the Pope, the Papal rule, the Cardinals, colleges, and everything else connected with the Church. But the two Catholic Emperors, in an eight hours interview at Villafranca, have shown the world that the old lady's advice is not necessary now in continental affairs, and that if she don't like that, she had better commence herself to destroy the four hundred thousand men to be now found in the *united armies* of France and Austria in Italy. Hence the Minto mission has borne no fruits; the subsidizing of vagrant tract distributers to go to Italy and aid Cavour has had no results, and England has been plainly told by Napoleon to look after her church rates, tithes, sporting parsons and the "law establishment" generelly, and never mind the Holy Father or his affairs.

A truly great disappointment for so great a country.

Prussia, who delayed her aid to Austria until it was not wanted, is disappointed; for henceforth she must look out for her preponderance in the German Confederation, to which body she has exposed her diplomatic weakness and poor military organization.

Kossuth is, or pretends to be, in a terrible state of disappointment. The great Magyar ventilated himself in Italy and got off a large amount of his usual froth and flummery. In one paper he announced:—

"I have been silent during ten long and painful years. [Every one in New York knows this is not so.] But, thank God, the moment has again come at which I can raise my voice, and call the brave Magyar nation to arms, to fight for the liberty of Hungary. That liberty succombed on the 13th of August, 1849, and in its fall it dragged down the liberty of all Europe. To re-conquer it I shall soon re-appear among you on the sacred soil of Hungary. I bring to you my two sons, whom the tiger Haynau (the precise Hungarian epithet used is stronger than this, and cannot be translated), gorged with carnage, sent to me, not thinking for what work of vengeance I should bring them up."

He then says:—

"Rise, Magyars! *Sacrifice your crops!* Let them be trampled underfoot to the last blade by your friends and your enemies! I swear to you, by the God of the Magyars, that I will enrich your soil for a thousand years, whilst re-conquering Hungarian liberty!"

Now a person would think that the Hungarians would hope that M. Kossuth should live "a thousand years." But see how he ended. The moment he heard of the peace in Italy—which had nothing to do with Hungary—he ran off from Turin, where Napoleon had him watched by French police, and never cried halt until he was *safe in Switzerland*, from which place he telegraphed to his wife and children "to remain in England." M. Kossuth may, therefore, be soon expected at his desk in the office of The London Advertiser, in which journal he will relate, no doubt, all his disappointments.

General Klapka has not reported himself since the peace, but no doubt he shares the dismay of Kossuth, and we hope he may imitate his prudence by leaving Italy and taking a straight line for Exeter Hall, London.

The Hungarians are, perhaps, not disappointed; but we are glad they have secured their crops.

Garibaldi must be greatly disappointed, for no doubt Cavour promised to make him civil Governor of Rome, but we see little chance of that at present.

All the infidels, socialists and red republicans in the world, are in a rage of grief and disappointment, because religion has triumphed, property been secured, and the Holy Father been exalted by that great treaty of Villafranca.

To Our Subscribers.—We would consider it a favor if our subscribers would inform us of any failure in the regular weekly delivery of The Record at their residences. All cases of the kind will be immediately attended to and remedied. Those who desire to have the Record left by the carriers have only to notify us of the fact by mail, and the paper will be duly served every week.

Credit Where Credit is Due.—If the Editor of The Baltimore Mirror will refer to the files of this paper he will perceive that the notice which in his last issue he credited to The Cincinnati Telegraph appeared first in The Metropolitan Record. The mistake is certainly not a serious one, but it is well to be correct in the remembrance of such matters.

We regret that "An American Catholic" did not give his name and address, as we should willingly have answered his letter. However, it is not too late; and if he will furnish us with it, we will at the earliest possible moment send him a reply.

The Religious Character of the French Army.

Interesting Letter from a French Clergyman.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GAZETTE OF LYONS FOR THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.]

A French Priest, serving as a volunteer in the hospitals of Italy, has addressed a letter to The Gazette of Lyons which possesses much interest, and from which we translate the following extracts:—

"Notwithstanding the tropical heat and over exertion, notwithstanding the fatiguing and numerous demands made on me at an hour when half of Genoa is buried in slumber, and notwithstanding the long sittings at the pillows of my beloved patients, wounded, feverish, of all shades and all colors, I am well. Why? Because, fortunately, I am able to do some good, and also because I cannot find time to be weary. Although I have no official position, I enjoy the most complete liberty. I cannot sufficiently praise the French authorities. I meet with kindness everywhere—and, something more consoling still—I feel certain I have gained the confidence of our soldiers. * * * During this past month I have spoken with six thousand wounded, and I can assure you I have not heard a blasphemous expression or an unbecoming word. I have observed in our men, even when in violent pain, a dignity and light-heartedness only to be found in French soldiers. In the hospitals I gathered the convalescent together in the court by the sound of the clarion, and there they chaunted the *Esprit Saint* with admirable fervor, whilst I, standing on a bench or a table, cast my eyes over that immense circle of mutilated heros, and saw them weep like children as I taught them how to combine the patience of the martyr with the courage of the hero. * * * * * * * I have confessed a great many, and not one of them would leave the hospital without attending to his duty if we had a chapel in each establishment. On Sunday, when I say Mass, the soldiers carry their wounded comrades on their backs to assist at it. Yesterday a Mahometan Turco told me he wished to become a Christian, and two Zouaves undertook to teach him the Catechism. You would have laughed and cried to see the comical good-will with which they set about it. I am now instructing a young Swiss Protestant belonging to the foreign legion, who was wounded at Magenta. I will receive his abjuration next Sunday, and a Zouave, who lost his arm in the same battle, will be his godfather.

"When I go to the hospital I bring bundles of cigars with me, and first approaching some of the wounded I talk to them of the good God and afterwards, in a loud tone, I tell all the latest news. As soon as I mention Verona my patients rise up, put on their clothes, hurry over and form a circle around me; then, little by little, I throw in a few seasonable words, but gently, and apparently without any intention I generally find means of refuting their prejudices, and then all exclaim, 'That's true anyway.' Sometimes I meet one who is inclined to be troublesome, and who says to me, 'Rev. Sir, I am no bigot, but I can only believe what I see.' The attentive circle were anxious to see how I should get out of this difficulty. I might have replied by a beautiful passage from Pascal, but with a Zouave the plainest way is best, so I said to my philosopher, 'do you believe you have got any bowels?' 'Do I believe it? Zounds I should think so, for I had a most horrid colic the day before yesterday.' 'Then you have seen them.' 'Oh, now I'm silenced,' he replied; and then the Zouaves exclaimed, 'Comrade, you're a fool: you had better not meddle with our Chapiain, for he is one of the Almighty's Zouaves.'

"Some of these Zouaves can do every thing. When I was visiting the wounded of Maleg. nano lately, who are encamped under a tent in the garden of the National College, one of them read a metrical account of that battle for me, written by himself. It was in verse, eighteen feet to a line, containing sublime thoughts and burning words, mixed up with such quibbles and puerilities as, 'What matter when a man dies—to-day or to-morrow—provided he dies like a hero.' And in another place, 'Those that have fallen have nothing to complain of —they were past a thousand years—*mille ans* —(Milan).

"Thus, my dear friend, I tell you only what I see and hear, I neither exaggerate nor color too highly, but I must say I am proud of our soldiers. Not a man among them complains. Talk of anchorites? Why here is an army of anchorites, 200,000 strong, that suffers every thing without a murmur. They only want two things to make them saints—to be in a state of grace and purity of intention, and I believe that many of them have attained to that perfection.

"If sensualism peoples hell, austerity peoples heaven; and if war is not a virtue, it gives opportunities for the practice of virtues."

A Favorite Charger.—When Sir Robert Gillespie fell at the storming of Kalunga, his favorite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Hope, and carried by him to India, was, at the sale of his effects, competed for by several officers of his division, and finally knocked down to the privates of the 6th Dragoons, who contributed their prize money, to the amount of £500 sterling, to retain this commemoration of their late commander. Thus the charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march, and at the station of Cawnpore was usually indulged with taking his ancient post at the color-stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drill and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a gentleman who provided funds and a paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort; but when the corps had marched, and the sound of the trumpet was heard no more, the gallant steed pined, refused to eat, and on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and, galloping to his ancient station on the parade, uttered a loud, shrill neigh, and then dropped down and died.

How to Examine Wells.—The following simple mode of examining a well, to ascertain whether it contains any offensive substances, has been recommended as efficient: Place a common mirror over the well in such a position as to catch and throw the rays of the sun to the bottom of the well, which will be immediately illumined in such a manner that the smallest pebbles, &c., at the bottom can be distinctly discerned as if in the hand. The sun is in the best situation to be reflected in the morning or afternoon of the day.

AN AFTERNOON IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

A Good Advice to the Readers of The Record---A Concert of the Best Kind Without Pay---A Rustic Chair in the Ramble and Scenes and Sights Therefrom---A Young Water-Bearer --- Generosity of the Park, alias the Corporation---A Dipper-Full of Water and No Charge---The Water-Bearer is Beset by a Host of Juvenile Customers on these Terms---A Lozenge Merchant with "All Kinds of Sorts"---Disgust of Young New York on Finding that he Charges---Birds versus Meyerbeer and Bellini---Beauties of the Ramble---A Miniature Cave and Spring---A Few Remarks upon Muddy and Clear Water---The Uniform of the Park Police as It is and as It Should Be---The Advantage of Lincoln Green over Grey---A Promise to the Readers of The Record which Must be Fulfilled.

We would advise such of our city readers as have not yet visited the Central Park not to let the summer pass over without enjoying that treat. The best time to enjoy such a treat is on a Saturday afternoon, when they will, in addition to the many attractions of the place, have an opportunity of hearing some of the most exquisite music that ever delighted the ear of an opera or concert goer. The whole city has already been made aware through the columns of the press, both daily and weekly, that one of our best metropolitan bands discourses some of their finest music between half-past four and half-past seven on the day mentioned above. The spot selected for their performance is at the head of that exquisitely laid out piece of ground which has been so appropriately denominated the Ramble. There within sound of the music are ranged seats for the accommodation of the thousands who throng to these popular open-air concerts. Sitting in a real, unmistakeable rustic chair—a regular family affair, capable of holding half a dozen persons at the smallest computation—we listen with a pleasure that no cooped-up or crowded concert room could even pretend to afford, to the entreating strains from Norma, or the wild and passionate outbursts from Trovatore. Here we sit while the time flies heedlessly by, and the descending sun lengthens the shadows on the green sward before us. It is certainly a beautiful, quiet, cosy little spot, and we doubt if the Engineer whose genius and skill are doing so much to beautify this great pleasure ground of New York has surpassed it in the whole of his varied and picturesque designs. But we shall say no more of it, preferring to let our readers find out its precise *locale* for themselves.

For those who like a less retired place there are seats without number a very short distance from the decidedly unpicturesque looking shed under which the band are now performing, and which, we trust, will be eventually replaced by another more in accordance with the appearance and character of the surrounding scenery. Now, these seats are not the best that could be procured, and that will, we hope, be furnished hereafter. There is no rusticity about them like that which we have just left, but they serve very well for a temporary purpose, and we shouldn't grumble in view of what we have already obtained and of what we are promised. While listening to the music, in praise of which it would be difficult to say too much, and looking at the grand flourishes of the leader with his baton, we are accosted by a young water-bearer, a regular aquarius, who, with pail in hand, invites us to take a drink of the clearest and purest Croton. After satisfying our scruples that it is unadulterated, and, instead of "a stick," has only a small tin dipper, we partake of the refreshing liquid and prepare to pay the aforesaid aquarius. We hand him a cent—liberal payment for a dipper full of water, and enough to secure the fortune of any man who could sell sufficient of it at the same rate; but what is our astonishment to find that he declines the proffered nickel—(it is a new cent.)

"How is this?" we inquire, "Don't you take any pay?"

"No sir!" replied the boy, "we are paid by the Park."

Generous, noble Park! we are almost tempted to exclaim, but our enthusiasm is cooled down somewhat when we reflect that after all we, as one of the tax payers of New York, have to pay for these little indulgences in one way or another. The liberality and generous spirit of "the Park" which is in this case a new name for the Corporation is soon discovered by the audience around, from the younger portion of which there is an immediate demand for numerous drinks. In fact Young New York having once found out the terms upon which the juvenile water carrier transact, business overpowers him with custom, and, before they leave him, drink the contents of his pail.

But here is another, and though he is not in the liquid line he has evidently got something of which he wants to dispose. Coming nearer he displays a number of little packages which he informs us are lozenges, peppermint, and as he himself says "all kinds of sorts." Young New York is all alive, for in his simplicity he imagines that this is another instance of the generosity of "the Park," but his ardor is considerably damped when he learns that those little packages which contain "all kinds of sorts" are two cents each. His ardor is not only damped but an expression like that of disgust settles on his youthful features, and in a short time the lozenge peddler is deserted by the disappointed expectants.

It would be a difficult task to tell all that one sees in the Ramble of a Saturday afternoon, but our readers should go there and walk through it, and if they do not see all we have witnessed they will at least enjoy all the health-giving pleasure which one is pretty sure to find in the country. To us it it hardly less a pleasure to hear and see the numbers of birds which have already begun to flock to our Central Park and to make it resound with their melody—it is, we say, hardly less a pleasure than to listen to the most exquisite strains that were ever created by the genius of a Bellini, or a Meyerbeer, and soured indeed must the temper of the man or woman be who would not feel glad in the sight of the bright and cheerful faces that he sees around him, and who cannot participate in the joyousness of the lighthearted children to whom the Ramble must always be a favored spot. True human nature is to be seen here, as elsewhere, in all its phases and the many sided public is pretty fairly represented, but the public comes out here to enjoy itself and it would hardly be fair to philosophize upon the subject. Occasionally you may see some who stagger under the weight of their personal dignity as if it were too much for them and sometimes a very handsome walking stick with a young gentleman behind it attracts the attention of the spectator, but these are things that are to be seen any afternoon on Broadway—they belong to civilized life and we should not, therefore, wonder to find them in the Central Park.

The Ramble is the most advanced part of the work, and by next season will doubtless be completed. As yet no one is permitted to go upon the grass, and that the public may not plead ignorance on this point little posters for its information are to be seen in the most conspicuous places. The police are strict in the execution of their orders on this very necessary precaution, and any attempt to violate the established rule is immediately reprimanded. Next year, however, we understand, this rule will be abolished, so that the children will have an opportunity of enjoying themselves without let or hindrance. Occasionally you are pained to see some little acts of vandalism, such as a theft of a flower, and disregard for the rules by parties trampling upon the newly grassed grounds, but such instances are rare, and it is to be hoped, for the credit of New Yorkers that they will become more so every year.

We have spoken of the Ramble in general terms, for the simple reason that it would require a separate and lengthy article to do justice to its many beauties—to the exquisitely arranged flower plots, the little shady nooks with which it abounds, the huge rocks, whose barren surface is partially covered with trailing vines, the bright flowers of which are in striking contrast with the grey granite beneath; the pool, with its flower-covered banks, and the thousand other things that beautify and give a charm to the Ramble. Here in a miniature cave is an ever-welling spring, the clear water of which courses over the pebbly ground as it escapes from the unseen and inexhaustible reservoir beneath the rock from which it gushes fresh and pure. But this is the only pure water that we have seen, if we except that furnished by the aquarius who has formed so prominent a feature in this our first notice of the Central Park, and which we will now inform our readers is not by any means the last we intend publishing on the same prolific subject. We were speaking of the water, and as a large portion of the Park's surface will be covered with this essential element, we will take the liberty of giving a hint to the Engineer thereon. We have referred to the pool, or, as we should more properly call it, the pond, with its flower-covered banks, but we should have remarked that its beauty is sadly marred by the color of the water, which instead of being, as it should be, of a crystal clearness, is as muddy as it is possible to conceive, and its muddiness is moreover of the yellowest and sickliest hue. We trust the Engineer will remedy this, so that the Park may not be defaced by such a glaring deformity.

There is another feature which struck us as it did others, as particularly out of keeping with the character and appearance of the place. We refer to the uniform of the policemen, which in color is the greyest of the grey, and in cut is the most formal and precise that can be conceived. Now, we think this might be changed to advantage, and as we are interested in the matter, and would have every thing about our Park in perfect harmony, we believe, without being *au fait* in the clothing business, we could give a few suggestions in this regard that might be adopted with advantage. In the first place, let us say that the police here, properly speaking, are Park-keepers, and that, while grey is a very good military color, green—Lincoln green—is just the thing for them, and would be in perfect accord with the place. And as for that miserable-looking, poverty-stricken cap which they wear, it would be a pleasure to see it superseded by a forester's hat, ornamented with a feather or plume.

And here we shall conclude our account of the Central Park for the present, hoping that our observations on the color of the water and the dress of the Police may not pass unheeded.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY IN ROCHESTER

What they are doing in the Cause of True Christian Benevolence.

The Order of the Sisters of Mercy, which our readers are aware originated in Ireland in 1830, and which was formally sanctioned by the Holy See in 1841, has made wonderful progress in the United States. This is a gratifying fact, not only to Catholics but to the whole community, for the amount of good which this order is effecting is incalculable. In crowded cities, where poverty is often forced to herd with sin until the moral sense becomes blunted and the natural horror of vice loses its intensity, the Sisters of Mercy exercise their salutary ministry, harboring the harborless, instructing the ignorant, shielding the young from temptation, soothing the sick and suffering, and praying with and for the dying. Many have reason to bless that Providence which erected these establishments, that stand out from amid deserts of brick and mortar, like oases, and offer refreshment to the exhausted and rest to the weary. In an early number of the RECORD we described the establishment in Houston street which belongs to the Sisters of Mercy, and gave a detailed account of the rise and progress of the Order and the nobly arduous duties discharged by that community. As the same rules are observed in every Institution of the Order, what is said in regard to one is applicable to all; for not only are the rules identical, but the same spirit pervades all.

About a year ago some Sisters from the Convent of Mercy in Providence, Rhode Island, settled in Rochester and founded the Academy of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady of Mercy, which has gone on from that time adding to its community and increasing the number of its pupils. Since the 9th of June, 1857, the exact date of its commencement, a large free school has been added to the Academy, which is infusing, day by day, religious principles and Catholic feeling into the minds and hearts of these youthful and impressionable beings who but for their instruction might have lost the inestimable blessing of faith. Attached to the Convent of the Immaculate Conception is an Institute for the protection of females of unblemished character, generally servants out of place, who are received into the Institution and provided with suitable situations.

In connection with this Institute there is an Industrial School, in which needlework is taught, and probably no department is more interesting or more useful. To say that needlework is taught gives a very inadequate idea of the amount of industrial education imparted in this school. Needlework, in the usual acceptation of the word, means hemming, stitching, running, and all the different manipulatory exercises that enter into the mystery of shirt making, but in the Industrial School of the Rochester Convent it takes in embroidery of the rarest kind, crochet that might vie with Honiton or Guipure, and lace that would do credit to Valenciennes or Brussels. From what we have said, it may rightly be inferred that the community is merely in its infancy, but judging from the progress it has made since its organization, it is destined to a large sphere of usefulness. It numbers nine members, and has under its care and in struction fifty-five pupils. So encouraging are the prospects thus far, that we understand it is the intention of the Community to open a boarding-school for young ladies. We wish the good Sisters under whose charge the institution is conducted every success in their truly Christian enterprize.

Resignation of Col. Ryan and Parade of the Sixty-Ninth.

Col. Ryan having handed in his resignation to General Ewen of the Fourth Brigade, and it having been accepted by him, to take effect from the 10th of August, the Sixty-ninth Regiment paraded last Monday evening with the view of endeavoring to prevail upon him to withdraw such resignation. They formed in the City Armory at 8 1-4 P. M., and at 9 1-2 proceeded to the Colonel's residence in Leonard street, via the Bowery, Chatham street to the lower end of the Park and thence up Broadway. The Regiment having flanked as they came to Leonard street, halted opposite the quarters of the Colonel and a cammittee from each company, consisting of the Commandant, one sergeant and one private, to which were added the staff officers, waited upon him and stated, through their chairman, Captain Corcoran of Company A, the object of their visit and their wishes regarding his recent letter of resignation, assuring him of the respect, admiration, and love with which he was held by the whole Regiment.

Col. Ryan responded, stating that it pained him as deeply to leave the Sixty-ninth as it did when he first bid good-bye to his native land, but that it was a point of honor which caused him to form the resolution of retiring. He spoke for about one hour and a half, and when he announced his resolution of leaving the command, the scene was very affecting. He afterwards addressed the Regiment at large, and stated that although the connection between them would be severed, still, if at any time he had cause to hope there was an opportunity to place his native land on an equal footing with that of his adopted country, he would be found among the first to step forward in her cause. At this part of his remarks he was loudly applauded, and after bidding them farewell he retired.

During his speech he was listened to with breathless attention from one end of the line to the other, except when the silence was broken by enthusiastic applause. The Regiment then counter-marched, and proceeded up Broadway to the St. Nicholas Hotel, opposite which they dismissed. They mustered about one hundred and seventy-five men, and were accompanied by Dodworth's Band and the Regimental Drum Corps, all under the command of Major Robert Nugent. The slim attendance is accounted for by the very short notice given to the men, some of the members not having been notified at all.

A POPULAR LUXURY IN CHINA.—Two things struck me in China; the universal smell of musk in the kingdom of flowers, and the enormous consumption of melon pips, which are what nuts and oranges are to the Englishman and what olives and prunes are to the Gauls. The scarlet and yellow melons are in some places only grown for the seed, and are piled up by the side of the road for the use of any traveller who will scoop out the seed for the proprietor. On the river I have seen them, and so I dare say has M. Huc, whole junks laden with these seeds. In the loneliest place you can procure them, when all other food is scarce. The three hundred millions of Chinese all eat them. When friends meet to drink tea or rice wine, there is always an accompaniment of melon seeds. They are piled up on every dinner table. They are eaten while travelling in the palanquin; they are picked at while discussing bargains. If a workman has a few sapecks, he does just what his child would do—buys melon seeds. They are an amusement and a food, as the cigarette is to the Spaniard, and the betel to the Hindoo.

THE FRENCH INVASION OF ENGLAND.

The Probable Results as Described by an English Writer.

The Quarterly Review dwells at considerable length on this subject. We give the subjoined extract:

"It may be that the next war cry will be the Rhine, but the best and surest card the French Government now have to play is vengeance on England. Let them ask for a loan of fifty or a hundred millions sterling, and let it be accompanied by a hint that the plunder of London will more than suffice to repay it, and the list would be filled in four-and-twenty hours."

"England would have been joined to the continent in the days of the first Napoleon, and his army might have been taken over with as great or greater facility than it could have passed the Rhine or any large river. The result would have been as at Borodino, and London would have fallen. If the French can obtain the command of the Channel for three months, or even three weeks, they can easily land 200,000 or 250,000 men on our shores; and, this accomplished, there is absolutely nothing to hinder their taking possession of the capital. But we are in more danger at this moment than even in the perilous years of 1804–5, because we had then 600,000 in arms on shore, and a fleet far superior to that opposed to us at sea. At present the French have as large an army on foot as they had then, and their navy in commission, if not quite equal to ours, is certainly much more nearer so than it was during the great struggle." Furthermore, we are assured by this journal, one in the interest of the party whose chief so coolly told us, a couple of months ago, that Prince Gortschakoff told them there was nothing in the Franco-Russian alliance; that, had the fleets of the two powers chosen to unite, "they would certainly have numbered twice as many guns as we could have prepared, and no conceivable amount of either skill or courage could have enabled us to hold the Channel for an hour, or prevent that army which is now in Lombardy from landing on our shores. In such a case they certainly would have entered London in less time and with as little loss as they encountered on their entrance into Milan."

"No strategy nor any conceivable amount of heroism will render an army of 100,000 men in any position this country affords equal to one of 200,000, placed, as we have supposed the invaders to be, in three divisions, within three or four days' march of a given central point. To make a stand against such odds would simply be to expose the English army to the fate that awaited the Austrians under Mack at Ulm, obliged to lay down their arms without a blow. The only thing an English general could do in such a case would be to abandon the capital and all the country to the south of London. Retreating to the north and adopting a Fabian line of policy, he might eventually save the State from actual extinction. Let us at least hope so, though, in truth, it is difficult to see how. In possession of the capital and the south coast, the invaders would certainly have the power of destroying our dockyards and any remnant of the fleet that might have sought shelter within them. Few have, perhaps, ever ventured to realize the position of England without a fleet (very few, no doubt), and with a foreign navy in possession of the Channel. It would not require the invader to keep a single man on shore; his fleet alone would suffice for our subjection. The loss of India and of all our colonies would be the first result, but that would be a trifle compared with other results. He might demand what subsidy he chose, and, if we refused, he could enter our harbors, burn our shipping, land where he pleased, seize our towns and force us to pay, or perish at his will. In like manner he could punish any attempt to rehabilitate our navy; and, although every man in the country might arm, we should be as powerless to get at him as he has been to get at us during the last eight centuries. No succor could reach us from abroad, and would be useless if it did. The Channel, in fact, which has been a long time our greatest defence and blessing, would become our prison wall and our greatest curse. Cooped up within it we could not move. Our army will never come into play till our fleet is destroyed, and when called upon to act it will be as if the fleet had never existed—a form of campaign the nature of which few have hitherto realized, and for which we have certainly made no preparation." "The destruction of the Bank of England and the cessation of the dividends would spread misery into thousand of families; but when trade was paralyzed—when wages could no longer be paid at Manchester, Birmingham and Glasgow—when no ships reached our ports but foreigners, not equal to half the tonnage required—famine and wretchedness would overspread the land. The first form the outraged feelings of the people would take would probably be an insurrection against property, and a vast social revolution might be the consequence; but as that would not fill their bellies, the masses would turn against the invaders, and nothing but the most frightful wholesale executions and deportations could keep the famishing multitudes in subjection. The horrors of the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror would afford but a pale reflex of England writhing and starving in the grasp of a foreign conqueror." "A few shells thrown into Vienna in 1805 secured its surrender, though it was better fortified and more easily defensible than London could ever be made." "Unless every citizen will now arm himself, or assist his neighbor to do so—unless every servant of the State will apply his whole energies to how the danger may best be met, and unless every statesman will forget all minor differences of opinion and apply his whole power to prepare for the great struggle, it may happen that the last spark of liberty that exists in Europe may be trodden out, and the British name lost from among those of the great nations of the earth in a catastrophe which has not appalled the world since the downfall of the Roman Empire."

The English, Austrian and Prussian Press on the Peace of Villafranca.

TRANSLATED FROM THE UNIVERS FOR THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.

Will the unity of the Germanic Confederation be menaced? We might believe so, if the spirit of the people can be judged by their public organs. The Courier de Nuremberg demands that in view of the pretensions and rivalries of Austria and Prussia the secondary States would form a mutual league for the maintenance of their independence and dignity. The Austrian press accuses Prussia of defection, and imputes to her the loss of Lombardy. The Prussian journals are irritated by those attacks. But for us, they say, France would never have stopped at the Mincio. At the moment in which we put all our disposable forces on foot for the defence of our common country Austria preferred to throw herself at the feet of the Emperor Napoleon and sign a dishonorable peace rather than leave Prussia to take her place in Germany. The Vienna papers say that at the very time that Austria gave the highest mark of her confidence in Prussia, when she called the Prince Regent to the command of all the federal forces, that Prince Windischgraetz was unsuccessful in his mission to Berlin.

What! replied The National Gazette. The Regent of Prussia nominated by the Diet, submitting to the Diet, and responsible to the Diet! No, no; the Regent of Prussia is too high to receive orders from Frankfort, where Austrian influence is paramount. If he take command of the army he will be answerable only to God and his sword.

We have obtained, says The Ost-Deutsche-Post, better conditions from our enemy than if we had submitted to the arbitration of our natural allies, Prussia and England. They would have deprived us of our fortresses; France permits us to retain them. Thus disunion, deceptions, wounded national pride, the irritation of the States against each other—such is the spectacle the great chessboard which we call confederated Germany presents to the observer. England has her share in this chorus of complaints. England, says a journal on the other side of the Rhine, has allowed her ancient ally to be crushed; she has once more shown what can be expected from her when her own interest is not involved. This lesson, let us hope, will not be lost on us. Where would she look for allies to-day on the Continent in a war with her formidable neighbor, Prussia? But is Prussia in a condition to resist France? And what would become of proud England if she found herself, alone and unsupported, confronting her most ancient enemy? Another cry of alarm reaches us. After Russia, came Austria's turn, and after humbling her, Napoleon has returned to Paris with his victorious legions. France has smelled powder; her bellicose instincts are re-awakened; she will demand the Rhine, her dream for many years *caveamus*. These are the reflections to which the peace of Villafranca gives rise in Germany. We simply relate them without any comment. If we cross the Straits the scene is not less curious. What is to become of England? cries The Morning Post? What do they say of us on the Continent? We, who are incessantly boasting of our preponderance—we, who would not permit a treaty to be made in Europe without our approbation—we could neither foresee nor prevent a great war. Peace is made with no more reference to us than if we did not exist, and we learn the news only from the telegraph. Lord Derby, Lord Derby, what hast thou made of the Queen of the Seas! As to The Times, it is impossible to follow it; it wheels about so rapidly that common mortals can only see the sparks that it emits. But let us be indulgent; the dog-day heats and the miasm of the Thames, followed by this peace of Villafranca, is too much at one time for the Thunderer. At first he praised the peace and sung the virtues of the Emperor; he applied to him the words of Cæsar, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*; but this enthusiasm was only transient, it passed quickly away and the English character recovered all its native surliness. It discovered in short that France has a grand part to play on the continent, while Great Britain is merely second fiddle; then like a true born Englishman, he runs down and carps at the very thing he praised yesterday. Great Britain says he ought not to affix her signature to a treaty which increases the power of the Pope and renders Austria stronger than ever in the Peninsula. Venice in the grasp of Austria is an unpleasant object for enlightened England to look upon. But The Times forgets to explain to us how it happens that Austria, having lost its military prestige and three millions of subjects in Italy, is more powerful now than she was before the war. The problem deserves a solution. As to England, if Venice is so dear to her heart, *who or what hinders her from finishing the work begun by France?* Has she not militia and volunteer riflemen that would soon wrest Verona and Mantua from the double-headed eagle of Austria? And has she not the Marlborough, the Euryalus, the Duke of Wellington, the Princess Royal, the Queen, &c., to bombard Venice?

The Times then transports its readers to Villafranca, and enables them to be present at the colloquy between the two Emperors, which it sums up in this fashion: "Let us embrace," said the Emperor Napoleon to his young opponent. "You have been unfortunate; you have lost a splendid province; but Europe is large. Let us be Allies. You are not on good terms with Russia; I will undertake to smooth away all difficulties. These three Powers once united, the world would be ours." We can conceive, says The Times, that Francis Joseph, with a defeated army and an empty treasury, could not resist such language, but gave up all that was required. However, this is the custom of the Emperor Napoleon. He makes friends at the head of 150,000 soldiers. His intimate connection with Russia dates from Sebastopol; his alliance with Austria from Villafranca.

Such, in a few words, is what we have gleaned in the course of a short excursion through the foreign journals. It is almost needless to add that we are simple narrators. However, if we get at the opinions of different writers, we will find that they agree on two points—jealousy of the greatness of France and fear as to what will be her future course. Germany is amazed to see that splendid Austrian army beaten in six engagements, and driven back in one month from the Ticino to the Adige. Letters from Austrian officers have circulated throughout Europe. It is now known what a French army can do, and if *l'amour propre* prevent our late opponents from proclaiming its superiority, they feel it, and know it, and each one asks himself—Is it our landwehr or our militia that could resist such legions.

In one fashion or other 276 persons were killed and 556 were maimed on the various railways in Great Britain and Ireland during the year 1858.

Mons. Blondin's Concluding Performance on a Tight Rope Over the Falls of Niagara.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser of the 4th inst. gives the following:

"Niagara Falls was a swarming hive again yesterday—filled and overflowing with an immense throng of people collected to witness the fourth repetition of Mons. Blondin's daring feat of crossing the chasm upon a cable stretched between the cliffs. The crowd gathered was almost if not quite equal to that assembled on any former occasion, and the gathering was warranted, for the sight which was witnessed surpassed all previous exhibitions of the same character. From this city we should judge that the attendance was greater than at any time before, and from Rochester and other places in the vicinity, on both sides of the line, it could not have been much, if any, less. All the seats and stand places within view along the bank in the pleasure grounds upon this side of the river were crowded, and the enclosure upon the Canada side was better filled than upon any other occasion.

"Mons. Blondin rode into the pleasure ground on this side about 4 1-2 o'clock, and started upon his aerial journey after a very few moments of delay in preparation. His trip across to the Canadian shore was accomplished quickly, as he proceeded at a tripping pace most of the distance, and only paused a few seconds occasionally to correct his balance and obtain slight rest. All of his feats he reserved for the return journey. Arrived at the Canadian bank, he refreshed himself a little, and took a rest of perhaps fifteen minutes, when he again stepped upon the rope and tripped down the slant, airy plane towards 'the land of the free and the home of the brave.' When about half way to the centre he stopped and sat down, then stretched himself at full length upon the rope, then performed a number of daring antics, and finally stood upright upon his head, remaining in that reversed position for a length of time which seemed a moment at least, swinging and kicking his feet in the most reckless though ludicrous manner that can be conceived of. Resuming his journey, he proceeded but a little way when he again halted and repeated his performance, with the addition of a backward somersault and one or two sudden swings around the rope, which caused a general flutter among the hearts of the spectators, and brought little screams from many of the ladies.

"Starting forward again, he proceeded to the open space in the centre, between the extreme guy ropes that branch off to either bank, where the cable spans the gulf without stay or accompaniment. Here he paused again, and, laying his pole upon one of the guy ropes, he swung himself under the cable and ran across this single space of central cord in the style of a monkey, hanging beneath and swinging himself along by his hands and feet with great rapidity. Going back again in the same gymnastic manner, when he had returned to the point where his pole rested, he began a series of performances which outdid in thrilling and startling effect upon the nerves of the spectators all that he had done before. Clutching the rope with his hands, he swung his body clear from it, and hung for a lengthy period, of more than seconds, suspended by the arms, and by one arm, over the fearful depth of the chasm. Then he repeatedly turned such a suspended somersault as is familiar to boys, throwing his feet over his head and between his arms, and hanging with the shoulder joints in a most unnatural position. Then he straightened his body into a horizontal position, still suspended by the arms, thrown backward as described—an exertion requiring immense strength, and calculated to exhaust the nervous system tremendously. After this he suspended himself by the legs, and by one single leg, hanging head downward, whirled around the rope, turned more somersaults, stood upon his head again, and, in fact, performed nearly all the most reckless feats attempted by tight-rope performers under ordinary circumstances. Twice again before reaching the bank he halted and repeated some of these antics, seeming determined to fatigue himself to the last point of endurance, and thoroughly satisfy the spectators with his exhibition of daring and skill. And they were satisfied beyond question. The performance was wonderful, and exciting enough for the most greedy seeker after sensations, and was by far the greatest yet given by Mons. Blondin."

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

Most Rev. Archbishop Kendrick of Baltimore, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Foley, offered the Holy Sacrifice in the Cincinnati Cathedral on Wednesday morning, 27th ult. The learned prelate was on his way to St. Louis.

Church at Norristown, Pa.—On the 18th of August, 1836, the corner stone of the present Catholic church of Norristown was laid. Twenty-three years have passed away and the building which was at first sufficiently large to accomodate the congregation, has for some years past been found much too small.

Rev. Mr. Donoughue, the present pastor, has purchased a lot of ground 180 feet by 154 feet, immediately opposite the present church and pastoral house, and on this lot it is designed to build a large church, the corner stone of which, we are glad to announce, will be laid on Sunday the 14th inst, by Right Rev. Bishop Neumann, and the sermon will be preached by Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty.

The new building will be 133 feet long by 65 wide; it will be in a plain Roman style of architecture. The outside will be effective without being expensive, and the inside will be so proportioned that by the aid of frescoing a grand effect can be produced. There will be a basement under the church of 12 feet 6 inches in the clear of floor and ceiling, and extend the full length of the church. The lot on which the church is to be built is so situated on the hill-side that the whole basement is on three sides above the ground, thereby making it capable of being well ventilated and lighted. The walls will be of stone, rough-cast on the outside. The designs were prepared by Mr. John T. Mahony, architect.

It is the intention of Rev. Mr. Donoughue to build the basement walls up to the level for the main floor of the church this Fall, and cover them for the Winter to consolidate and dry. This will ensure a good hard foundation for the main body of the walls of the church. Next year the whole of the masonry will be finished, the roof put on and slated, and it is hoped that in the third year the church will be finished. It is gratifying to perceive the steady increase of Catholicity in Norristown, no better proof of which can be had than by comparing the size of the old church and that of the intended building. The old church was large enough for many years, and only 65 feet by 40 feet, and now it requires a building of 133 feet by 65 feet, giving a proportional area of floor nearly four times greater than the old church. The lot selected for the church is so situated both in reference to the old church and the pastoral house that the distance from either to the sacristy door of the new church will be only 70 or 80 feet.

Trains will leave by the Norristown Railroad, from Ninth and Green streets, and carry passengers within a few squares of the new building; the particulars will be announced in our next. We hope that a great many of our fellow-Catholics will attend, and by their presence and contributions aid in forwarding this noble undertaking.

Philadelphia Herald & Visitor, August 6.

Religious Ceremonies in the Diocese of Cincinnati.—The bell for the church of our Lady of Victories, Delhi, was blessed by the Archbishop, last Sunday morning. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Bruning, preached. Very Rev. Father Ferneding also preached; after which Very Rev. Mr. O'Connor of Pittsburgh, and Rev. Mr. Brown, of Chattanooga, a native of Massachusetts, a convert to the Church and priest of the Propagandy, made some very happy and soul stirring remarks. There were thirteen persons confirmed. It is worth noticing as an instance of the zeal of the Church that a widow lady of the congregation, family name Rosina Germann, presented the handsome sum of one hundred dollars towards paying for the Bell.

The addition to the church of St. Francis of Sales is hastening to completion. Last Sunday afternoon, the Cross, which is to surmount the new steeple, was blessed by the Archbishop, assisted by Very Rev. Joseph Ferneding, Very Rev. James O'Connor of Pittsburgh, Rev. Mr. Brown of Tennessee, and Rev. Herman Fernding. The three Rev. gentlemen first named delivered addresses which instructed, edified and pleased the congregation. There were about twenty-five of the youth confirmed, Benediction was given, and the Te Deum closed the interesting ceremony. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Schmidt, has worked hard to accomplish a labor of love for his devoted congregation.

There were sixty eight persons confirmed on Monday at St. James', Mount Airy. The Mass of the Patronal Feast was sung by Very Rev. James O'Connor, Rev. Mr. Stehle, who preached the sermon, and Rev. Mr. Krammer, pastor of the church, being Deacon and sub-Deacon. Rev. Mr. Brown was master of ceremonies. Very Rev. Father Ferneding was present in the Sanctuary. Certain proceedings in a grove near the church in the afternoon, were not very appropriate for young, or old, to see on confirmation day, or during Vespers on a patronal feast. *Verbum sat.*

Catholic Telegraph, 30th ult.

Clerical Changes.—The Right Rev. Bishop, says The Philadelphia Herald and Visitor of the 6th inst., having placed the Missions of Towanda and Dushore under the pastoral charge of the Franciscan Fathers of Allegany, N. Y., (late of Rome) has transferred Rev. Samuel Da Prezza, O. S. F., of Dushore to the pastoral charge of the church of SS. Peter and Paul, Towanda, and Rev. Felix Da Cannobio of the same Order to Dushore.

Religious Profession in Baltimore.—On the Feast of St. Anne, July 26, at the Carmelite Convent of this city, Miss Helen Riordan, late of Washington, D. C., (in religion Sister Baptista,) received the black veil from the hands of the chaplain of the Convent.

Baltimore Mirror, 6th inst.

FOREIGN.

Departure of Irish Nuns for Australia.—Eight ladies of the Westport Branch of the Order of Mercy left Baggot street Convent on the 1st of this month for Liverpool, where, on their arrival, they remained in St. Mary's Convent of Mercy until Wednesday, 6th, when they sailed in the Saldanha for Sydney, there to found a convent, schools, &c., in connection with their Order. His Grace Most Rev. Dr. Polding, Archbishop of Sydney, expressed the greatest desire to obtain the invaluable aid of some of the good Sisters of Mercy, and, at the request of his Grace Dr. Goulding, Bishop of the District of Sydney, who is now in Ireland, made arrangements for the departure of the eight ladies above mentioned. They were attended to Liverpool by Rev. Philip Kirwan, D. D., St. Michan's, under whose superintendence they embarked, and they will make the voyage under the special care of three clergymen, who go out as missionaries to Australia. Among this devoted, self-sacrificing little band of ladies who have thus severed all the ties that bound them to family and friends, and relinquished all the comforts of happy homes to serve God and extend the blessings of His holy religion in a distant land, were the daughters of two esteemed fellow citizens—Miss Teresa Mooney, daughter of Edmond Mooney, Esq., solicitor, Brooklawn House, Merrion avenue, and Miss Adelaide G. Kirwan, the accomplished daughter of Dr. Kirwan of Mountjoy square, the highly respected City Coroner. He, together with his son, Rev. Dr. Kirwan, accompanied his beloved daughter to Liverpool, and there bade her farewell as she sailed for her distant and holy mission. An excellent house, it is understood, with suitable accommodation, has been prepared for the occupation of the good nuns by the Bishop on their arrival in Sydney, where they will be received most warmly by all who admire such devotion and self-sacrifice as these pious ladies have exhibited in the cause of religion and charity, We sincerely wish them God speed on their way, a prosperous voyage and long life and health to prosecute the important work which they have undertaken.

Receptions and Professions of Nuns.—On Friday, 15th ult., the Venerable Lord Bishop of Meath admitted to the solemn vows of religion, in the Loretto Convent, Navan, Miss Eliza White, and on the same interesting occasion received to the religious habit three young ladies. A suitable and very eloquent discourse was pronounced in presence of a large assembly by Rev J. G. Horgan (of St. Laurence O'Toole's), and one in which this gifted preacher portrayed in a most beautiful and pathetic manner the graces and merits of the religious state.

Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Lord Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, on Tuesday, 19th ult., received Miss Cooke, daughter of Samuel Cooke, Esq., Brownstown, into the community of the Ursuline Convent at Thurles. The attendance of clergymen and friends of the accomplished and highly respectable young lady was very numerous from all parts of the county. When these joyous proceedings had concluded, his Grace the Archbishsp proceeded to lay the foundation of a new house for the educational department of this venerable and excellent institution, which is progressing in the most admirable manner possible. [Limerick Chronicle.

On Thursday, 14th ult., the sacred and beautiful ceremony of the profession of a nun took place at the Presentation Convent. The happy and interesting young lady who was professed is Miss Anne Burke, youngest daughter of our late esteemed fellow-towns man, Mr. Edmund Burke, and niece to Very Rev. Dr. Burke, P. P. She is called in religion Sister Mary Angela, and is the third member of the family that has been professed as a religious sister of our Presentation Convent. [Tipperary Free Press.

The following removals have been ordered among the curates of the Waterford Diocese: Rev. John A. Ryan from Waterford to Tallow; Rev. William Power from Tallow to Knockanore; Rev. Mr. Perry from Knockanore to Clogheen; Rev. M. Burke from Clogheen to Kilgobinet; Rev. James Hanigan from Kilgobinet to Gammonsfield, (2nd curate,) &c.

We deeply regret to state that Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan is lying dangerously ill at Nenagh. [Limerick Reporter.

Laying the Corner-Stone of a new Church at the Nire.—On Thursday, 14th ult., at 12 o'clock, Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Waterford, laid the foundation-stone of the new Catholic Church at the Nire. The attendance of the clergy from all parts of the diocese was numerous, and the ceremony was witnessed by a large number of ladies and gentlemen from the surrounding localities. A collection in aid of the new buildings was made at the conclusion of the ceremonies, and £80 collected. [Tipperary Examiner.

Dedication of the new Catholic Church of Larne.—According to previous announcement this new edifice was delivered on Sunday, 17th ult., by Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, assisted by several of the clergy from Belfast and the district around Larne. The building is oblong, and the seats extend over the entire floor. There are no galleries, and the roof is in the Gothic style, the timber being all visible. The service commenced at 12 o'clock, at which time there was a very large number in and around the building, some inconvenience being felt, arising from the great pressure of the crowd. Large numbers attended from Belfast, having gone there by private vehicles, hired conveyances, or the railway as far as Carrickfergus, and thence on the omnibuses. The sermon was preached by Very Rev. Charles M'Auley, Professor in Maynooth College, and was regarded as a master-piece of pulpit eloquence. The collection taken up amounted to the large sum of £225, and the sale of tickets is expected to raise the total to about £300. Rev. Mr. M'Kenna, P. P., delivered a short address expressive of the thanks of the Catholics of Larne.

A Distinguished Visitor.—Right Rev. Bishop of Puebla (Mexico), Dr Pelage Antoine de Labastida y D'Avolos, is at present making a tour in Canada. This Prelate was exiled from his diocese in 1856, by President Comonfort when that revolutionary, or liberal, chief commenced his persecution against the Church in that country; and the Bishop of Puebla had the honor of being the first to suffer the fury of the tyrant. He resided, after his exile, two years in Europe, principally in Rome, where he received from the Holy Father the highest marks of distinction and esteem. When the insufferable tyranny of Comonfort produced a popular reaction that hurled him from power, Monsigneur Labastida was entreated by the new government to return again to his diocese; but the civil war having again broke out in Mexico, and the Gulf being all held by the revolutionists, protected as they are against the forces of the Central Government by their deadly climate, which is fatal to the troops from the interior—Monsigneur Labastida has been prevented from complying with the request of the Government and the ardent wishes of his flock. His Lordship, after a short stay in Montreal, started on Thursday evening last for Quebec. [Montreal True Witness, June 29.

The Catholic Church in England.—The Third Provincial Synod of Oscott was opened on Wednesday July 13, by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, with the usual solemnities. All the bishops of the province were present, together with the Archbishop of Trebizond, coadjutor to the Metropolitan, as well as the representatives of the Chapters and the Theologians of the bishops, among whom may be specially named Abbe Charliot, the learned editor of the "Analecta Pontificia," who has come from Rome to attend the Synod as theologian to the Cardinal. The mass was sung by the Cardinal Archbishop, assisted by Mgr. Corathwaite, Canons Bagnail and Flanagan, and Reverends S. Whitty and —— Paunce. The Cathedral Choir from Birmingham were in attendance, under the direction of Mr. Spivey, and sung a harmonized mass with the devotional solemnity for which they are distinguished.

At the conclusion of the mass, His Eminence addressed the Fathers there assembled, and congratulated them on the news just received, announcing the termination of hostilities in Italy, which had caused so much anxiety to the Church; and expressed a hope that they might long continue to enjoy the blessing of that peace which is so essential to the happiness of the world and the progress of religion.

Two French Archbishoprics are now vacant, those of Bourges and Toulouse; and one Bishopric, that of Dax.

PROGRESS OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

To the Editor of The Metropolitan Record:

Sir:—I have been among those who were delighted and edified at the exhibition of Educational progress among the Catholic children of this city, and which you have so accurately described in your excellent journal. It is exceedingly gratifying to perceive how from one year to another the zeal of Catholic pastors and parents in New York, and, indeed, it it might be added, throughout the country, in favor of schools into which true religious teaching, at least to a moderate extent, is admitted and its benefits communicated to the rising generation. This increase of zeal ought to be most consoling to our Reverend pastors and to the parents of those children who make up the bulk of our religious schools. One can easily imagine what must be the satisfaction of a pastor of a church who in addition to his ministerial duties for those of adult life in his parish, has also been enabled to raise a Catholic school for the education of the young. The time is not distant when every church of any importance will have its religious educational Academy connected with it as an indispensible adjunct. Already it is a matter of surprise to behold what has been done in various other parts of the country, as well as in our own city, for the promotion of this great Catholic movement. It has been said heretofore that the children of Catholic parents in the United States show less disposition to live according to the faith of their ancestors than children similarly circumstanced in other lands. The grounds of this accusation begin to disappear as soon as they have had an opportunity of imbibing together with the rudiments of common instruction a knowledge of the Christian doctrine as taught by their own Church. And it is encouraging that notwithstanding the difficulties with which the new congregations have to contend there is scarcely an instance of a Catholic school in a parish having been discontinued. It is true that the public schools supported at the expense of millions can display in the main a better outfit of apparatus for the communication of learning than the recent efforts of Catholics have enabled them to exhibit. But all that will come with time. The great point is commencement and perseverance. The zeal of the community will grow with the progress of the schools. The proficiency, both of teachers and of pupils, will be found rising from year to year. Those who are now boys and girls will in a brief period become themselves heads of families and there is little ground for apprehension of their ever desiring to return to those schools in which by a supposed but very unhappy necessity, religion is discarded as any portion of elementary education. The writer of this may hereafter return to the subject which is yet but imperfectly understood.

A Catholic.

A Spanish Newspaper in New York.—We have received the Prospectus of a new Spanish American newspaper to be published in this city, under the title of *El Noticioso*. It is to be published under the auspices of the Spanish-American Ministers in this country, they having long felt the want of a good newspaper from this country for Spanish America. The days of publication are arranged to correspond with the departure of the mail steamers for Cuba and Aspinwall, and it will be a purely business paper. Such a journal is needed here, as a medium for advertising, for our business community, and enabling merchants and manufacturers to meet the wants of our great and growing trade with Spanish America. We trust our new Spanish cotemporary will fill this want, and meet with a deserved success.

Naval Preparations at Cherbourg.—The Paris correspondent of The Herald says: "I have heard from a certain source that great naval preparations are making at Cherbourg. None, however, are more significant than the accumulation of coal that is taking place there. At the beginning of last month there were 18,000 tons in store. Since then 17,000 have been imported—11,000 from England, and 5,000 from other quarters. At Rochefort great quantities of coal have also been collected, the coal mines of Descazeville, in the department of Gironde, have, I am told, furnished the greater part.

We have to announce the decease of Mgr. Mioland, Archbishop of Tulouse. He was struck with apoplexy on Friday morning, July 15th. At four in the afternoon, the clergy went in procession to the Archiepiscopal palace, and extreme unction was administered. Half an hour after not the slightest hope remained of preserving life, and he expired shortly after. The deceased was 71 years of age.

HOUSEHOLD MARKETS.

Nearly all branches of trade carried on in our markets have been laboring under depression during the past week. The fact is that people cannot and ought not to eat much during the excessively hot weather, and consequently they have no occasion to patronize the marketmen extensively.

In the Meat trade especially there has been very little activity, but the butchers expected only little, and took care to make arrangements accordingly. Since last week there has been scarcely any change in prices. We quote: Sirloin Steaks, 14@16c.; Porterhouse Steak, 18c.; Rump Steaks, 14c.; Roasting pieces, 12@15c.; Chuck roast, 10c.; Corned pieces, 10@12c.; Mutton Chops, 12@14c.; hind quarters, 12@14c.; fore quarters, 8@9c.; Lamb, 12@14c. ℔ lb; Veal Cutlets, 16@18c.; hind quarters Veal, 12c. ℔ lb; fore quarters do., 9c.; fresh Pork, 12c.; salted Pork, 11c.; Hams, 18c.; Shoulders, 11c.; Sides, 10c.; Jowls, 9@10c. ℔ lb; roasting Pigs, $1 25@$1 50 each; Bologna Sausages, 16c. ℔ lb; Beef Tongues, 75@80c.; Lard, 11c. ℔ lb ℔ tubs.

POULTRY—The demand for Poultry has continued tolerably brisk, but the supply has been better than last week, and prices generally are a little lower. Fowls, ℔ lb, 12@14c.; broilers, ℔ pair, 60c.; Turkeys, ℔ lb, 18c. (quite scarce); Geese, $1 62 each. All sorts of Game is scarce, except Woodcock. Ducks, 87c@$1 ℔ pair; Squabs, $2 50 ℔ dozen: Pigeons, $1 50@$1 75 ℔ doz.; Woodcock, 50@60c. ℔ pair; Partridges, English Snipe and Plover, none in market; common Snipe, $2 50@$3 ℔ doz.

FISH is abundant, but has not been in great demand, and prices have fallen a little all around. Whitefish, which appeared in market last week, is still rather scarce. Prices are: Codfish, 4@5c. ℔ lb; Flounders, 8c.; Porgies, 6c.; Eels, 10@12c.; Blackfish, 6@8c.; Sea Bass, 10c.; Striped Bass, 10@12c.; Sheepshead, 18@20c. (very scarce); Halibut, 10c.; Kennebec Salmon, 30c.; Brook Trout (nominally), 50@62c.; Kingfish, 15@18c.; Whitefish, 12c.; Spanish Mackerel, 31@36c.; fresh do., 10 @ 8c.; Weakfish, 6@8c.; Oysters, ℔ 100, 50c.@$1 50; pickled do., $1 25@$1 50; Clams, 25@50c.; pickled do., 62c.; Lobsters, ℔ lb, 25c.

BUTTER has been brought to market in abundance during the week, and prices are as low as can reasonably be expected during the season. Best Orange County and river pail Butter, ℔ lb, 25c., although the supply is rather limited; State Butter and best grades of Western, 18@18c.; the trade is brisk. Cheese is abundant and excellent in quality; best new Cheese, 8@10c.; Pineapple (nominally), 10c.; English dairy, 14c.; a great deal has been purchased during the week for shipping. The market is still overstocked with Eggs, generally fresh and good, however, coming from this State and New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Last week there were a great many Western Eggs brought in in consequence of the previous high market, some of which were in a very shocking condition. The price ℔ doz. is 14c., or 13c. by the large quantity—a cent cheaper than last week, and the trade is somewhat livelier.

FRUIT—The Fruit dealers are more active than any of their fellows about the markets; now is their season of harvest. The markets were hardly ever better stocked with Fruits of all kinds, and the dealers are liberally patronized. Blackberries, especially, are more abundant and cheaper than they have been known for ten years past. Some have been sold as low as 75c. ℔ bushel, but they were of rather poor quality. The Lawton berries, the most delicious fruit in market, have come down to a prices making them accessible to the slimmest purses, selling for 8@12c. ℔ basket of one-third of a quart. Peaches are in abundance, mostly from Delaware and Maryland, but a few from New Jersey. The crop promises to be very abundant, and prices will be reasonable. They sell for $1 25@$1 75 ℔ basket of 20 quarts, according to quality. Cooking Pears, $3@$4 ℔ bbl. The better sorts are so various in quality that definite quotations are of little or no value. They are not yet very plenty, and fancy prices rule. Apples are getting quite plenty, and range in price from $1 50 ℔ bbl. for Jersey windfalls to $3@$4 for the best hand-picked varieties. Whortleberries are getting scarce, and command $2 50@$3 ℔ bushel; State Pears, ℔ basket, 50c.; Currants, ℔ lb, 6c. (about done with); Black Currants, 7c. Muskmelons are plenty at $1@$1 25 ℔ bbl., or 5@10c. each. Watermelons, very large sized, 50@75c.; Charleston and hot-house Grapes, 70@75c. Several cargoes of foreign Fruits have arrived during the week, and prices generally are a little lower, but there seems to be no fixed rates.

VEGETABLES—Probably no market in the world is better supplied with Vegetables than our own, and at this season especially it would seem that no one need complain of the prices. The trade in Vegetables has been quite brisk during the week, but the supply has fully kept up with the demand, and prices are in most cases a little lower. Here is the list: Radishes, ℔ doz., 12c; Lettuce, ℔ head, 2@3c.; Rhubarb, out of market; Peas, ℔ peck, 18c.; Beets, ℔ bunch, 5c.; String Beans, ℔ peck, 25c.; Parsley, ℔ bunch, 3c.; Spinach, out of market; new Onions, ℔ half peck, 25c.; new Carrots, ℔ bunch, 4c; Watercresses, ℔ quart, 6c.; Mint, ℔ bunch, 2c.; Sweet Corn, ℔ dozen, 12c.; Egg Plant, each, 10@12c.; Potatoes, ℔ half peck, 12@14c.; Russian Turnips, ℔ bbl., $1; white do., $1 50@$1 75; fresh Tomatoes, ℔ quart, 5c.; Cabbage, ℔ head, 4@5c.

DIED.

On Thursday, August 4, at Fresh Pond, Glen Cove, by drowning while bathing, RANDOLPH J., son of Edward and Emily Virginia Frith, aged 10 years and 9 months.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

O. E. DUFFY, Catholic Bookseller and Periodical Dealer, No. 429 E street, Washington, D. C. All the Catholic Papers for sale. The Metropolitan Record always on hand. mh5 8m

SPECIAL NOTICES.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mails for Europe, via SOUTHAMPTON and HAVRE, per U. S. Mail steamer OCEAN QUEEN, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 18th day of August, at 10½ o'clock A. M.

au13 1t ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

THE FLUSHING RAILROAD CARS FOR CALVARY Cemetery leave Hunter's Point, opposite Thirty-fourth street, East River, at 7, 9:15 and 11 A. M., and 1:30, 4, 6 and 7:30 P. M. Returning, leave the Cemetery at 6:45, 8:10 and 10:15 A. M., and 1:15, 2:45, 5 and 7 P. M., on week days, and on Sundays hourly trains will be run. Fare each way 5 cents. Persons from the lower part of the city can take the steamer Mattano at Fulton Market Slip, at 9, 1, 3:45, 5:45 and 7:30; fare 10 cents.

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CATHOLIC LECTURES.—Dr. T. L. Nichols will commence a course of public Lectures on the History, Doctrines, and Results of Catholicity and Protestantism, at Mozart Hall, No. 668 Broadway, opposite Bond street, on

SUNDAY EVENING, AUGUST 14th, at 8 o'clock, and continue every evening.

Dr. Nichols has lectured, during the past two years in the Dioceses of Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Fort Wayne, Milwaukie, Chicago, Alton, Nashville, New Orleans, Mobile, and Galveston. In the principal cities and towns of the Western and South-Western States, he has given courses of from five to twelve Lectures, on successive evenings, to increasing audiences, said to have been the largest ever assembled in these place for such a purpose. In many instances a large portion, and in some, a majority, of his hearers have been Protestants, or non-Catholics.

The plan of his Lectures has been to give facts; to appeal to the understanding of his hearers; to devote a portion of each evening to answering questions and objections; to invite a free and thorough investigation of all the questions at issue between Catholics and Protestants; and to ask no higher price of admission than may be necessary to pay expenses.

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Which, in regard to strength, smoothness and elasticity, cannot be surpassed, if equalled, by any other Thread.

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SELPHO'S PATENT ELASTIC LEG AND HAND

Combines new and valuable improvements to all who require them. Call or address

my26 3m WM. SELPHO, No. 516 Broadway, N. Y.

ROMAN CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM.—Application for the admission of children to the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylums, and for the withdrawal or binding out of same, are to be governed by the following regulations, which have been adopted by the Committee on Admission and Binding:

1. No applications for admission will be entertained by the Committee unless accompanied by a written recommendation from some reliable person, and from the pastor of a church in the parish in which the applicant resides, the latter recommendation being indispensable.

2. Every application must be in writing, and state name of child, age, whether orphan or half orphan, names of parents, place of birth of child, and parents' residence, and must be presented at the Asylum in Prince street.

3. Applications in accordance with the above will be considered by the Committee at their semi-monthly meetings, which take place at the Asylum in Prince street, on the second and last Wednesday of every month at 7 o'clock P. M.

4. Orders for admission will be issued by the Chairman on the day after the meeting at which the application has been approved, and are subject to the medical examination to said order.

5. The number of half orphans that may be admitted in either asylum has been limited by the Board of Managers to a certain number, which the Committee on Admissions and Binding are not allowed to exceed. The surviving parent of any half orphan admitted will be required to sign an agreement expressing the conditions upon which said half orphan is admitted.

6. No orphan can be withdrawn by a relative, unless after approval by the Committee, to whom an application therefor must have been previously submitted, and who will require relative so applying to qualify as guardian according to law.

7. Applications for binding out are to be left at the Asylum in Prince street, and will be acted upon at the time above specified, and in cases of emergency, by the Chairman, during the recess.

8. Children that have left, or been withdrawn from the asylums, cannot be re-admitted.

9. Any further information can be obtained from the Committee, to whom all communications must be addressed at the Asylum in Prince street.

JAMES B. NICHOLSON,
Chairman of Committee.

CHARLES TOAL,
THOMAS REILLY,
L. B. BINSSE,
L. J. WHITE,
L. B. BINSSE, Secretary. } Members of Committee.
mh12

INTERNATIONAL ART INSTITUTION, No. 694 Broadway, corner of Fourth street.

A NEW EXHIBITION.

The finest gallery of European paintings ever opened in New York.

Admission.....28 cents.
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TAPSCOTT'S LINE—LIVERPOOL PACKETS.—The subscribers continue to grant Certificates of Passage to or from Liverpool by their favorite line of Packets, sailing every five days.

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T. & CO. also continue to issue drafts, payable on demand, throughout ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND and WALES.

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TAPSCOTT & CO., 86 South street, New York.
TAPSCOTT, SMITH & CO, Liverpool.
jy30 6m

STEAM TO IRELAND DIRECT FOR $30.

The Liverpool, New York and Philadelphia Steamship Company's splendid and powerful Steamships are intended to sail from Belfast and Cork:

CITY OF MANCHESTER, 27th and 29th of July.

From New York to Cork and Liverpool:

CITY OF MANCHESTER, 20th August.

RATES OF PASSAGE:

Cabin, from New York to Cork and Liverpool.....$75
Steerage " " " .....$30.

including an unlimited allowance of the best Cooked Provisions, which will be served by the Company's Stewards. Passengers by this line avoid the risk and great detention of calling at Halifax and St. Johns, as the steamers sail direct to Cork.

For freight or passage apply to JOHN McKEE, 103 Victoria street, Belfast; in Cork to C. W. D. SEYMOUR & CO., and in Philadelphia and New York at the Company's offices, 109 Walnut street Philadelphia, and 15 Broadway, New York.

JOHN G. DALE, Agent.

WILLIAM INMAN, Agent 62 and 63 Tower Buildings, Liverpool.

Further sailings will appear in future advertisements.
a22 3m

OLD BLACK BALL LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

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No. 69 South street, New York.

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Persons desirous of sending for their friends now residing in the Old Country, can make the necessary arrangements with the subscribers, and have them brought out by the "BLACK BALL, OR OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS," sailing from Liverpool punctually on the 1st and 16th of each month, or by first class American ships when required.

Should those sent for decline coming out, the money will be returned to the parties here, on producing the Packet Certificate and the receipt.

The "Black Ball, or Old Line of Liverpool Packets," comprise the following magnificent and fast sailing ships:

Harvest Queen (new,)	Columbia,
Isaac Webb (new,)	Fidelia,
Great Western,	Manhattan,
New Ship,	Yorkshire,
James Foster (new,) Capt. E. W. Peabody.	
Neptune (new,) Capt. John Nye.	

Provisions of the best quality are provided for the passengers, and served out at the rate per week of 1¼ lbs. beef, 1 lb. pork, 3½ lbs. bread, 1 lb. flour, 1½ lbs. rice, 1½ lbs. peas or beans, 1¼ lbs. oatmeal, 2 lbs. potatoes, 1 lb. sugar, and 2 oz. tea, for each adult passenger.

We issue drafts at sight for any amount on the Royal Bank of Ireland, Dublin, which are paid in all the towns and cities in Great Britain and Ireland, free of discount.

Apply, or address (if by letter inclosing a postage stamp)

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AGENTS,
Boston, Mass.—Patrick Donahoe.
Cincinnati, Ohio—W. B. Barry & Co.
Lowell, Mass.—P. Sheahan.
New Haven, Conn.—P. Morrissey. 26f 1y

ATLANTIC ROYAL MAIL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S NEW YORK AND GALWAY LINE.—The next departure from New York will be the first class steamship ADELAIDE, Capt. CAMPBELL, Commander, which sails on THURSDAY, the 21st day of JULY, touching at St. Johns, N. F., to receive the royal mails. Prices of passage: First class, $90; Second, $50; Third, $30, including free tickets to the principal cities on main railway routes of Great Britain and Ireland. Third class must provide plate, knife, fork, &c., and bedding. Passage to St. Johns: First class, $35; Second, $25. For freight or passage, inquire of the American Express Company, No. 61 Hudson street, and at their other advertised offices in the interior. Passage in the third class can be secured at any of the above offices to bring persons out from any of the principal cities on the lines of railways in Great Britian for $35, or from Galway for $30.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY,
jy2 tjy16 ALEX. HOLLAND, Manager.

FOR SOUTHAMPTON AND HAVRE.—The United States Mail steamer FULTON, Wotton, commander, will leave for Havre, touching at Southampton to land the mails and passengers, on SATURDAY, Aug. 20, at 12 o'clock, from Pier No. 37 North River, foot of Beach street. This ship has five water-tight compartments, and one the engines, so that in the event of collision or stranding, the water could not reach them, and the pumps being free to work, the safety of the vessel and passengers would be secured.

Price of Passage to Second Cabin, $75 and $100.

Baggage not wanted during the voyage should be sent on board the day before sailing, marked "Below."

For Freight or Passage apply to

W. S. DEARTON, Agent, No. 7 Broadway

N. B.—The steamer ARAGO, will succeed the FULTON and sail Sept. 17. o29 3m

WINES AND LIQUORS.

PURE LIQUORS, WINES, &c.

The undersigned having taken the store No. 71 LIBERTY STREET, between Broadway and Nassau street, for the importation and jobbing of

WINES, BRANDIES AND SEGARS,

respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and the public.

He is now prepared to fill all orders in

WINES, BRANDIES, JAMAICA RUM, HOLLAND GIN, SCOTCH AND IRISH WHISKEY,

SCOTCH AND EMGLISH ALES AND PORTER, SEGARS, SARDINES, OIVE OIL,

ETC., ETC.,

at the lowest market prices, and will in all cases insure satisfaction to those who favor him with an order. WILLIAM WILSON,
aug18 4t No. 71 Liberty street.

P. MULVIHILL, IMPORTER, 302 PEARL STREET, New York, offers for sale from the United States Bonded Warehouse: Brandies—Cognac, Otard, Dupuy & Co., Pellevoisin, A. Seignette and A. Rasteau. Gins—Double Swan, Palm Tree, Crown, Star, Castle, and other favorite brands. Rums—Jamaica and St. Croix. Whiskeys—Wise's, Cork, Irish Malt, and several brands of old Scotch Malt. Wines—Madeira, Sherry, Port, &c. jy2 1y

JOHN J. STAFF HAS REMOVED FROM No. 380 Broadway to No. 86 Franklin street, a few doors west of Broadway, importer of and dealer in fine WINES, BRANDIES, GUINESS XXX BROWN STOUT, SCOTCH ALES, INDIA ALES,

which can be had in store, or from U. S. Bonded Warehouses. jel6 3m

FURNITURE.

IRON BEDSTEADS, IRON HAT RACKS Iron Store Stools.—Stools put up in stores free of charge. Circulars sent on request. Liberal terms to the trade. JAMES SCOTT, No. 167 Centre, mh19 6m corner Canal street.

ISINGLASS.

PETER COOPER'S REFINED

Sheet and Shred Isinglass,

A PRIME ARTICLE,

Very extensively used for

CALVES-FOOT JELLY,
BLANC MANGE,
TABLE AND
WINE JELLIES,
And for JELLIFYING PRESERVES.

The Shred, with directions for using, is put up in small packages for family use, and is sold by all the principal Grocers and Druggists throughout the United States.

PETER COOPER,
je25 3m No. 17 Burling Slip, New York.

MEDICAL.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.—Mr. KENNEDY of Roxbury has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures

EVERY KIND OF HUMOR,

from the worst Scrofula to a common Pimple.

Five to eight bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Kings Evil.

Six to eight bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Tetter.

Three to six bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Erysipelas.

Two to five bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and breaking out on the head.

Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of rheumatism.

If proof is required to convince the readers of this paper of the great effect and excellency of this medicine, we refer them to the following beautiful testimonials:

MR. KENNEDY—DEAR SIR: Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you that it has been attended with the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted with scrofula and other humors.

ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORB,
Superioress St. Vincent's Asylum, Boston.

ANOTHER.

DEAR SIR: We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well. SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,
Hamilton, C. W.

For sale by every druggist in the United States and British Provinces. mh12 1y

THE GREAT WONDER OF THE Nineteenth Century—Professor Wood's Hair Restorative.—Says The St. Louis (Mo.) Democrat: "Below we publish a letter to Mr. Wood of this city, from a gentleman in Maine, which speaks glowingly of the superior merits of his hair tonic. Such evidence must have its effect, when coming from a reliable source. If certificates are guarantees of truth, Dr. needs no encomiums, nor useless puffery from the press:

BATH, Me., Jan. 20, 1856.

PROF. O. J. WOOD & CO.:

Gentlemen—Having my attention called, a few months since, to the highly beneficial effects of your Hair Restorative, I was induced to make application of it upon my own hair, which had become quite gray, probably one third white; my whiskers were of the same character. Some three months since I procured a bottle of your Hair Restorative, and used it. I soon found it was proving what I had wished. I used it about twice a week. I have since procured another bottle, of which I have used some. I can now certify to the world that the gray or white hair has totally disappeared, both on my head and face, and my hair has resumed its natural color, and I believe is more soft and pliable than it has been before for twenty-five years. I am now sixty years old; my good wife, at the age of fifty-two, has used it with the same effect.

The above notice I deem due to you for your valuable discovery. I am assured that what we will rightly use, as per directions, will not have occasion to contradict my statements. I am a citizen of this city, and a resident here for the last fifteen years, and am known to nearly every one here and in adjoining towns. Any use you may make of the above, with my name attached to it, is at your service, as I wish to preserve the beauties of nature in others as well as myself.

I am truly yours, A. C. RAYMOND.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 23, 1858.

WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Prof. Wood—Dear Sir: Having had the misfortune to lose the best portion of my hair from the effects of the yellow fever in New Orleans, in 1854, I was induced to make a trial of your preparation, and found it to answer as the very thing needed. My hair is now thick and glossy, and no words can express my obligations to you in giving to the afflicted such a treasure.

FINLEY JOHNSON.

AARON'S RUN, Ky., Nov. 30, 1858.

Prof. O. J. Wood—Dear Sir: I would certainly be doing you a great injustice not to make known to the world the wonderful, as well as the unexpected, result I have experienced from using one bottle of your Hair Restorative. After using every kind of restorative extant, but without success, and finding my head nearly destitute of hair, I was finally induced to try a bottle of your Hair Restorative. Now, candor and justice compel me to announce to whomsoever may read this, that I now possess a new and beautiful growth of hair, which I pronounce richer and handsomer than the original was. I will therefore take occasion to recommend this invaluable remedy to all who may feel the necessity of it. Respectfully yours, REV. S. ALLEN BROCK.

P. S. This testimonial of my approbation for your valuable medicine (as you are aware) is unsolicited; but if you think it worthy of a place among the rest, insert it if you wish; if not, destroy it and say nothing.

Yours, &c., Rev. S. A. B.

Dr. Restorative is put up in bottles of three sizes, viz: large, medium and small; the small holds half a pint, and retails for $1 per bottle; the medium holds at least twenty per cent. more in proportion than the small, and retails for $2 per bottle; the large holds a quart, forty per cent. more in proportion, and retails for $3. O. J. WOOD & CO., Proprietors,

No. 444 Broadway, New York,
and No. 114 Market street, St. Louis, Mo.

And sold by all good Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. je11 3m

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JOHN BOWES, MANUFACTURER of Plain and Ornamental IRON RAILING,

Balcony, Verandah, Iron Shutters, Vault Doors, Iron Columns, Vault-beams, Girders, and all kinds of Iron Work in general.

All orders executed at the shortest notice.
478 Houston street, one door from Bowery, New York. jy16 1y

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.—IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY, Office 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland has been returned unpaid, afford to this society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty, of informing the public that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection, a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which the Society issues its drafts, payable at sight, (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards) on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby, for the last ten years, afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New York, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.
JOHN MANNING, ROBERT J. DILLON, HUGH KELLY, } Vice-Presidents.
EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREEAR, Recording Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Felix Ingoldsby, John Nicholson, William Redmond
William Watson, Martin Waters, James Olwell.
John Manning, Cornel H. Sheehan, Daniel Devlin,
Terence Donnelly, Charles M. Nanry, John Mc Menamy.
j30 1y The Society's Employment office, 29 Reade st.

CONCURRENT RESOLUTIONS TO amend the Constitution relative to the Judiciary of the State.

Resolved (if the Assembly concur,) That the following amendments be proposed to the Constitution of this State:

From and after the third Tuesday of June, eighteen hundred and sixty, the Court of Appeals shall consist of six Judges, to be chosen by the electors of this State. The four Judges who may then be in office, by previous election or appointment, shall continue to hold until the expiration of their respective terms. On the third Tuesday of May, eighteen hundred and sixty, an election shall be held, at which two Judges of said court shall be chosen, whose terms shall commence on the third Tuesday of June, eighteen hundred and sixty. The term of one of them shall expire in nine years from the thirty-first day of December following, and of the other in eleven years from the same time. At the general election in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one, and in every second year thereafter, unless the Legislature shall, by law, appoint a different day, one Judge of said court shall be chosen for a term of twelve years from and after the thirty-first day of December, next after such election. Four Judges shall constitute a quorum. In case of the absence or inability to serve, of any Judge or Judges, the Governor may appoint one or more Justices of the Supreme Court to serve for the time being.

Section seven of article six of the Constitution is hereby abrogated, and the following provision substituted:

The Judges of the Court of Appeals, and the Justices of the Supreme Court, shall receive, at stated times, for their services, a compensation, to be established by law, which shall not be increased or diminished at less intervals than once in six years; the provision made for such compensation, by act of the Legislature, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, shall apply to Judges and Justices then in office, as well as those thereafter elected or appointed, and the same shall be deemed to have taken effect accordingly from the first day of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.

The first section of article six of the Constitution is amended as follows:

The County Court shall have such original and appellate jurisdiction as the Legislature may prescribe.

Resolved (if the Assembly concur,) That the foregoing amendments be referred to the Legislature to be chosen at the next general election of Senators, and that the same be published for three months prior to such election, pursuant to section one of article thirteen of the Constitution.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
IN SENATE, February 10, 1859.
The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.
By order of the Senate,
S. P. ALLEN, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
IN ASSEMBLY, March 19, 1859.
The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.
By order of the Assembly,
WM. RICHARDSON, Clerk.

CONCURRENT RESOLUTIONS amending the Constitution, so as to abolish the property qualification.

Resolved, (if the Senate concur,) That section one, of article two, of the Constitution of this State be amended by striking out the following words: "But no man of color, unless he shall have been for three years a citizen of this State, and, for one year next preceding any election, shall have been seized and possessed of a freehold of the value of two hundred and fifty dollars, over and above all debts and incumbrances charged thereon, and shall have been actually rated and paid a tax thereon, shall be entitled to vote at such election. And no person of color shall be subject to direct taxation, unless he shall be seized and possessed of such real estate as aforesaid."

Resolved, (if the Senate concur,) That the foregoing amendment be referred to the Legislature to be chosen at the next general election of senators, and that, in conformity to section one, of article thirteen of the Constitution, it be published for three months previous to the time of such election.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
IN ASSEMBLY, March 23, 1859.
The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.
By order,
WM. RICHARDSON, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
IN SENATE, April 8, 1859.
The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.
By order,
S. P. ALLEN, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.
I have compared the preceding with the original concurrent resolutions on file in this office, and hereby certify the same to be correct transcripts therefrom, and the whole of such original resolutions.
In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of office, at our city of Albany, this twentieth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine.
GIDEON J. TUCKER,
jy9 3m Secretary of State.

AT RETAIL,

BRIDAL WREATHS and VEILS,
FLOWERS,
FEATHERS and
COIFFURES,
AT JAMES TUCKER'S,
Nos. 361 and 539 Broadway, three doors from Franklin street. my28 3m

STEPHEN PHILBIN,
GAS FITTING AND FIXTURE WAREROOMS, No. 707 Broadway, connecting with
PLUMBING ESTABLISHMENT,
26f 1y No. 331 Fourth street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN KAVANAGH—REAL ESTATE HOUSE AGENT AND INSURANCE BROKER.

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He has Houses for sale and Houses to let.
He has Lots for sale and Houses for trade.
He has Farms to trade and Farms for sale.
He secures Loans on Bond and Mortgage.
He attends with great promptitude to the collection of house rents and other debts.
He secures Insurance risks on Fire and Life in the best Companies, and without charge to the insured for his own personal trouble.
He can refer to some of the oldest and most respectable of New York merchants, who will vouch for his trust-worthiness, and reliability.
Office hours from 8 to 10 A. M., and 4 to 8 P. M.
jy23 4t

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NEW YORK STEAM HEATING COMPANY,
Proprietors of GOLD'S PATENT
LOW PRESSURE, SELF-REGULATING
STEAM HEATING APPARATUS.
For WARMING AND VENTILATING
All kinds of Buildings.
Office No. 442 Broadway.
DAVID M. HOLDREDGE, Secretary.

REFERENCES:

Sisters of Charity, at Mount St. Vincent.
St. Vincent Hospital.
Rev. T. J. Mooney, Pastor of St. Bridget's Church.
Rev. J. Lewis, Clifton, Staten Island.
Descriptive Pamphlets may be obtained upon application at the office. my28 3m

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES are now being published by HARPER & MASON, at Nos. 119 and 121 Nassau street, New York.

This is unquestionably the best edition ever published in this or any other country.

THIRTY-TWO NUMBERS

Will complete the work. Each part will contain a beautiful title page, with an appropriate design, a characteristic steel engraving, and twelve pages of music printed on splendid music paper manufactured expressly for the Melodies.

AGENTS WANTED

To sell the above work, and as liberal arrangements will be made with the right sort of men, none but those who can give satisfactory references need apply.

my14 8m

NOVELLO'S SACRED MUSIC.—NOVELLO'S Catalogue contains the largest collection of Music for the Church in this country, consisting of Masses, (including

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Motett's Hymns, Offertorii Pieces, and Gregorian Music; also, Organ Music, selected from the great German and Italian composers. Catalogues gratis, or forwarded (post free) to any address, on receipt of the postage, six cents.

VEBB & ALLEN,
a2 3m No. 1 Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

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Office 163 Broadway, New York.
For sale at the Manufacturer's prices by Jewellers, Stationers and Booksellers throughout the country.
a30 3m

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GILT MOULDINGS,
GLAZIERS' DIAMONDS,
CORDS and TASSELS, etc., etc.,
WINDOW CORNICES.

ENGLISH, FRENCH and AMERICAN ENGRAVINGS, at wholesale and retail.

MIRRORS for Private Parlors, Hotels and Steamboats, on hand and made to order.

JOHN S. WILLARD, Manufacturer,
au6 1y 209 Canal street, late 440 Pearl street.

ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL, UNDER the charge of the SISTERS OF CHARITY, West Eleventh street, near the Seventh avenue. mh5 6m

"ENDORSED BY EMINENT PHYSIcians.—The greatest remedy known for

DYSPEPSIA,	DIARRHŒA,
DEBILITY,	HEARTBURN,
BILLIOUSNESS,	JAUNDICE,
LIVER COMPLAINT,	BLOOD DISEASES,

&c., &c., &c., is

DR. BRUNON'S BITTERS.

Also, as a prophylactic against FEVER AND AGUE, CHOLERA, SUMMER COMPLAINTS, &c.

This remedy has a very pleasant taste, and will be taken as readily by children as by adults. The afflicted are invited to try it.

PINT BOTTLES—PRICE 50 CENTS.

Send for circular giving full particulars. Address
C. CRUGER, Sole Agent,
No. 761 Broadway, New York.
Sold by Druggists and dealers everywhere. my28 1y

DENMAN & SON, DEALERS IN COAL and Wood, Yard No. 13 Union street, near Hamilton avenue Ferry, South Brooklyn. Constantly on hand a full supply of Domestic and Foreign Coal, Virginia Pine and Oak Wood. In all cases money refunded, if quality of Wood and Coal does not prove as sold. Coal and Wood delivered in New York at the lowest market prices. my28 3m

HAFFERTY & McHUGH, CORK Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, wholesale and retail, No. 77 Fulton street, one door east of Gold, New York. au12 6m

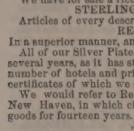
IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against HENRY EARLY, late of the City of New York, soap-stone manufacturer, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 147 Elm street, in the City of New York, on or before the fourteenth day of November next.—Dated New York the second day of May, 1859.

my7 6m CATHARINE EARLY, Administratrix.

CHURCH ARTICLES.

ALTAR CRUETS
FOR
CATHOLIC SERVICE,
OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE,
AT A LOW PRICE.
We also manufacture a large and elegant assortment of
SILVER PLATED WARE,
Comprising nearly every article used by housekeepers, an examination of which is respectfully solicited.
We have for sale a rich assortment of
STERLING SILVERWARE.
Articles of every description
RE-PLATED
In a superior manner, and warranted.
All of our Silver Plated Ware we will warrant to wear several years, as it has stood the test of hard usage in a number of hotels and private families EIGHT YEARS, certificates of which we can exhibit.
We would refer to Rev. Father Edward J. O'Brien of New Haven, in which city we have manufactured our goods for fourteen years.
J. S. & E. BROMLEY,
No. 604 Broadway, New York City.
a30 No. 83 State street, New Haven, Ct.

CATHOLIC
EMPORIUM.



The undersigned Publishers and Importers of
ENGRAVINGS, LITHOGRAPHS, and RELIGIOUS ARTICLES,
have just received from
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A choice assortment of Goods in all its branches.
NEGRIN & CO.,
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(near Broadway,)
my21 tf New York.

IMPORTATION FROM PARIS OF
RELIGIOUS ARTICLES.
The undersigned respectfully informs the Clergy and Booksellers of the United States that he constantly receives from Paris
Sacred Engravings and Lithographs.
Crucifixes, Brass, Bronze, Ivory, &c.
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Rosaries, Medals, Crosses, and all other Catholic Goods.
Orders for direct importation from Paris respectfully solicited.
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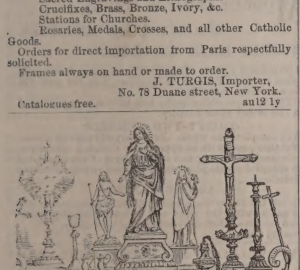

BENZIGER BROTHERS, PUBLISHers and Booksellers, and Importers of Vestments and Church Garments, 150 William street, New York, Einsiedeln, Switzerland. jy30 tf

STAINED GLASS.—HENRY SHARP, Glass Stainer, Enameller and Embosser, No. 216 Sixth Avenue, New York. my7 1y

WAX CANDLES FOR THE ALTAR.
FACTORY OF
NICHOLAS SERF.
10 Thompson street.
The undersigned invites the attention of the Reverend Clergy and others to his stock of pure WAX CANDLES, of every size and kind.
a30 3m NICHOLAS SERF.

MANGLES.

IMPROVED MANGLES, THAT SUPERcede smoothing irons, invaluable for hotels, boarding-schools and private families, as they will perform as much work as six persons with smoothing irons. They may be seen in operation in the following Catholic institutions:
St. Vincent Hospital, Mount St. Vincent.
Convent, Sisters of Charity, Prince street, and Sisters of Mercy, Houston street.
DUNCAN, WEST & SHARP,
je4 3m No. 51 Beekman street, New York.

POWER & DRADDY,
MONUMENTAL SCULPTORS,
192, 194, and 196 East Twenty-third street,
NEW YORK.
BUSTS AND MEDALLIONS EXECUTED AFTER DAGUERROTYPES AND OTHER LIKENESSES.
Monuments, Tombs, Mural Tablets, Headstones and Baptismal Fonts executed to order.
Original designs for the same furnished gratis, and sent to persons in the country free of charge.
Messrs. POWER & DRADDY will contract for the Erection of their Work in any section of the country.
REFERENCES.
Messrs. DUNIGAN & BROTHER, New York.
" JAMES OLWELL, Esq., "
" ROBERT E. LAUNITZ, Esq., "
Rev. P. McCARTHY, Pastor Church of the Holy Cross, New York. jy9 1y

ASTOR HOUSE RESTAURANT.—THE Restaurant connected with the Astor House is open daily, except Sundays, for the service of breakfasts and dinners. The vegetables, milk and eggs are fresh every day from the Astor House farm, and the best oysters and finest varieties of fish are to be had here at all seasons, prepared and served in new and approved styles. Entrance on Broadway and also on Barclay street. a28 3m

HATS.

COWHY, FASHIONABLE HATTER.—His Spring and Summer styles of Gentlemen's HATS and CAPS are now ready at 223 Third Avenue. my21 3m

HARPS.

J. F. BROWNE & CO.,
HARP MAKERS.
WAREROOMS, No. 709 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.
Music Strings and every requisite for the Harp.
Description and Prices forwarded by mail. 5f 6m

PIANO FORTES.

REMOVAL.

A. H. GALE & Co., PIANO FORTES, MANUFACTORY AND WAREROOMS, No. 105, 107, 109, 111 &113 EAST TWELFTH STREET.
NEAR THIRD AVENUE.
A. H. GALE & CO., HAVE JUST COMPLETED extensive additions to their factory buildings on 12th street, and have removed their entire Establishment from the corner of 13th street and 3d Avenue.
They have also perfected their new Scale Piano Forte to meet the growing taste for more powerful instruments than have hitherto been in use, while they have been careful to preserve, with the additional power, that peculiarly sweet and sympathetic tone for which their Pianos are celebrated.
They are permitted to refer to the several Catholic Institutions of Maryland, Missouri, Louisiana and St. Johns, N. B., whose patronage they have enjoyed, and where their Pianos have been in use.
A. H. G. & Co., respectfully invite the inspection of Artists, Amateurs and the Public generally. my28 3m

ALBERT WEBER, PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURER, No. 155 West Broadway, New York.
Each Piano is made under the subscriber's personal supervision, warranted of the best material and workmanship, unsurpassed in touch and tone, and sold at the lowest manufacturer's price. These Pianos have met with the most liberal patronage at the Academy of Mt. St. Vincent, St. Mary's, St. Lawrence, N. Y. Sisters of Mercy, St. Helena, Ark., Monastery of Visitation, Mobile, Ala., Academy at St. Michaels, La.; the Rev. Bishop Byrne; also, Dr. Pise, D. D., Brooklyn, &c. &c.
a30 3m

CHICKERING & SONS,
Manufacturers of GRAND SQUARE and UPRIGHT PIANOFORTES.
Warerooms, No. 694 Broadway, New York.
PIANOS MADE TO ORDER,
TO SUIT ANY STYLE OF FURNITURE.
Messrs. C. & Sons have been awarded
THIRTY-FIVE PRIZE MEDALS
for the superiority of their manufacture, exhibited by them at the different Fairs in this country and in London during the past thirty-five years.
Also, for sale, at wholesale and retail,
MASON & HAMLIN'S
MELODEONS, HARMONIUMS, ORGAN MELODEONS and ORGAN HARMONIUMS,
for Parlors, Churches, Vestries and Lodges.
Grand and Square Pianos to Rent.
Warerooms in Boston, Tremont street. Warerooms in Philadelphia, No. 1,307 Chestnut street. a30 3m

ORGANS.

ORGANS.—JARDINE & SON, ORGAN BUILDERS, No. 100 White street, New York.
REFERENCES.
Right Rev. Bishop Portier, Mobile.
Right. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, Pittsburgh.
Right Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick, Burlington.
Right Rev. Bishop Bacon, Portland.
Right Rev. Bishop McCloskey, Albany, &c., &c.
a30 3m

CHURCH ORGANS.—HENRY ERBEN, Organ Manufacturer, keeps constantly on hand CHURCH AND PARLOR ORGANS.
For particulars as to size, price, &c., inquire at the manufactory. 172 Centre street, New York. 26f 1y

LOOKING-GLASSES, ETC.

REMOVAL.—PHŒNIX LOOKING-Glass and Picture Frame Manufacturer, removed from Nos. 888, 390, and 392 Greenwich street, corner of Beach, to No. 221 East Twenty-third street, near First avenue. Office No. 215 Centre street, New York.
feb5 1y HORACE V. SIGLER, Agent.

BUSINESS CARDS.

POWER & DRADDY,
STEAM MARBLE WORKS.
Nos. 192, 194, 196, East 23d street,
12f 1y NEW YORK

CARPETINGS.

CARPET AND OIL CLOTH
WAREHOUSE.
JOHN W. HEALY,
111 Bowery, near Grand street, New York,
Importer, Jobber, and Retailer of
CARPETING, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, CANTON nd COCOA MATTING, DRUGGETS, &c. &c.
The stock contained in this establishment embraces every item appertaining to the CARPET TRADE, from the most expensive foreign fabric to the lowest price domestic article, and all goods sold are warranted as represented.
The Clergy, Churches, Convents and Charitable Institutions will be furnished at Manufacturers' prices.
Orders executed with exactness and despatch, and goods Packed and Shipped free of charge.
JOHN W. HEALY,
a30 3m 111 Bowery, New York.

MUSIC.

C. BREUSING,
FOREIGN MUSIC,
AND
ERARD'S GRAND AND COTTAGE
PIANOS,
No. 701 Broadway,
my21 3m New York.

VERGNES' ELECTRO-CHEMICAL BATHS.—The only establishment attended by M. VERGNES, the inventor of the cure of rheumatism, debility, mercurial diseases, &c.,
No. 119 Fourth Avenue, New York. my7 3m

P. M. FALLON, IMPORTER AND Wholesale Dealer in Foreign and Domestic LIQUORS and SEGARS, No. 155 Cedar street, near West, New York. my21 3m

INSTRUCTION.

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY, NOS. 44 and 46 SECOND STREET, NEW YORK.
PROSPECTUS, 1859-'60.
This Institution, under the direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, presents the threefold advantage of a Classical, Commercial and thoroughly Catholic education.
The number of pupils present at the close of the past academic year exceeded two hundred—more than double the attendance of any preceding year.
There are three Departments, of two Classes each, under the charge of twelve Professors—a gradation necessarily conducive to the rapid advancement of the pupils.
In the Preparatory Department, the pupils are carefully taught spelling, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Geography, History, and mental and practical Arithmetic.
Terms, including books, $5 and $6 per Quarter.
The course in the Intermediate Department, in addition to the foregoing, embraces English Composition, Elocution, Book Keeping, Mensuration, Algebra, French, and Vocal Music.
Terms, including books, $7 and $8 per Quarter.
The course in the Commercial Department comprises, together with the preceding branches, Rhetoric, Mythology, Natural History, Plane and Spherical Geometry and Trigonometry, Conics, Surveying, Navigation, Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Elementary Chemistry, and the Use of the Globes, other Apparatus, Charts, &c.
Terms, including books, $9 and $10 per Quarter.
A Greek Class and three Latin Classes are open, without extra charge, to those who desire to study those languages. Books, however, are not furnished.
Those who wish to pursue a course of Linear Drawing and Perspective, Shadows, Coloring, &c., can do so, without extra charge for tuition. Materials not furnished.
Instrumental Music forms an extra charge. Piano, printed music and privilege of learning on another Instrument included, $6 per Quarter. Violin, with use of instrument, and same privilege, $8 per Quarter.
Payments Quarterly in advance.
jy30 1y BROTHER AMBROSE, Director.

MONS. L. DE'GRAND-VAL'S CLASSICAL AND COMMERCIAL INSTITUTION, Hudson Terrace, Hoboken, N. J.—Terms for board, Washing and Tuition in Classical and Commercial courses, including French and Vocal Music $200, per annum. Annual session begins September 1. New pupils received at any time previous without extra charge. Special reference—Rev. A. Cahill of Hoboken. jy23 1y

PROSPECTUS OF ST. FRANCIS Xavier's College, No. 39 West Sixteenth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, New York city.
This Literary Institution is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. The different branches of the College Course are taught by Professors entirely devoted to the advancement of their pupils, and whose chief object is the moral and religious education of their students.
This College affords the two-fold advantage of a complete Classical and thoroughly Catholic education.
The course of studies is divided into two distinct departments, the Classical and Commercial.
The Classical Course embraces the Greek, Latin, English and French languages; Rhetoric, Poetry, Elocution, History, Geography, Mythology; a complete course of Mathematics, Chemistry, Natural, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.
The Commercial Course, which is completed in three years, comprises the English and French lanuages, English Literature, Elocution, History, Geography, Mythology, the use of Globes, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Mathmatics and Natural Philosophy.
The German language is taught free of charge to those who wish to learn it.
Besides the Classical and Commercial Courses, there are three preparatory classes for younger students, in which they are carefully taught Spelling, Reading, Writing English Grammar, Geography, History and Arithmetic, so as to fit them for the higher branches of study.
When a student presents himself for admission he is examined and placed in the class for which his previous acquirements have prepared him.
Punctual attendance is earnestly recommended; hence, in case of absence, a note from the parents or guardians is required, who shall be informed of the non-attendance of their children or wards.
Monthly reports of behavior, application and progress are sent to parents and guardians. To insure success, private study at home should be insisted on.
There are two examinations—one in winter, the other for promotion at the close of the academic year.
In the plan of the College a court-yard, entirely cut off from the street, is reserved for recreation, so that from the arrival of the students in the morning at nine o'clock, until their departure after class hours in the afternoon, they are entirely secluded, and superintended by the Prefects and Professors.
The academic year opens on the first Monday in September, and ends about the middle of July. It is divided into quarters of eleven weeks each.
TERMS PER QUARTER IN ADVANCE.
For students over nine years of age.....$12 50
For students under that age..... 7 50
Vocal Music and Drawing form extra charges.
jy23 tf MICHAEL DRISCOLL, S. J., Rector.

UNDERTAKERS.

WILLIAM T. A. HART, SEXTON AND FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
Coffin Warerooms, No. 237 Bowery.
Livery Stables, No. 235 Bowery.
All orders punctually attended to, day or night. f5 3m

WAREROOMS OF FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES.
HUYLER & CO.,
FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS,
No. 536 Broadway, near Spring street, New York.
Wood coffins furnished. Undertakers supplied with every requisite for funerals. Fisk's Patent Metallic Burial Cases, air-tight and indestructible, for protecting and preserving the dead for ordinary interment, for vaults, for transportation, or for any other desirable purpose. Prices, adults' size, $25 to $60; childrens' do., $8 to $20. je4 3m

JAMES DOOLEY,
SEXTON OF ST. ANNE'S CHURCH,
AND UNDERTAKER, No. 38 Fourth avenue, corner of Eighth street, New York. my28 6m

JAMES DOWD,
Sexton of St. Francis Xavier Church, and Undertaker, No. 119 Eighteenth street, corner Seventh avenue, New York. 12f 6m

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JULIAN ALLEN'S CELEBRATED Granulated Smoking TOBACCO is, without exception, the finest article in this or any other country. Also, Pulaski and Bobby Burns SNUFFS. Copyright of the above secured in the United States, 28 years. For sale by all first class Tobacconists, Druggists and Grocers. Retail 10 cents per paper, about fifty pipes in it, and every pipe as good as a Havana cigar.
Depot. 130 Water street, New York. ja29 1y

THE VIRGINIA TOBACCO AGENCY
ESTABLISHED IN 1830.
CHARLES M. CONNOLLY & CO.,
No. 45 Water street, New York,
Commission Merchants and Agents for the sale of Manufactured and Leaf Tobacco, solely on Commission.
a28 3m

INSTRUCTION.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.—ST. JOSEPH'S COUNTY, INDIANA. This Institution, chartered in 1844, numbers at the present time, in connection with St. Mary's, one mile distant, more than five hundred inmates. It is seated in the valley of St. Joseph, a region, one of the healthiest and most invigorating to the constitution in the northwest, between two railroads, either of which places is within thirty hours travel of New York or Philadelphia and within three of Chicago. The students are divided into four distinct Departments, viz: the Collegiate Department, comprising a full course in the Liberal Arts and Exact Sciences, has a corps of able Professors, mostly European. The Commercial, which has hitherto been the largest, is in the hands of competent and experienced Professors chiefly American. The Preparatory is designed to fit Students for the College proper and comprehends thorough Rudimental Instruction. The Department of the Minims contains twenty-five of the youngest boys, of ages ranging from six to ten years, and is exclusively under the charge of an American lady.
The discipline of the Institution though mild and easy is regarded as the main foundation of success both for teacher and pupil. A peculiar advantage of NOTRE DAME, as a place for Christian Education, is its retirement and seclusion from the moral contagion of large cities. Full of life as it is, it has yet a life of its own—an atmosphere of Catholicity, which a child rarely breathes elsewhere.
It is unnecessary to call the attention of Parents having sons and daughters to educate, to the proximity to the University, of St Mary's Academy, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.
In both Institutions, the French and German are taught by natives of France and Germany.
TERMS, $125 PER ANNUM.
REV. E. SORIN, President.
NOTRE DAME, Jan. 1, 1859. my14 6m

ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES—Under the care of the SISTERS of the VISITATION, corner of Johnson and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. Terms per quarter (payable in advance), from $10 to $15, according to the advancement of the pupils.
The Foreign Languages, Vocal and instrumental Music, Drawing and Painting, will form extra charges. For further information, application should be made at the Academy. jy9 1y

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, WILMINGTON, DEL.
The annual session commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.
The pension for Board and Tuition, in the classical course is.....$150 00
The pension for Board and Tuition in the English and Commercial course is..... 135 00
French, Spanish, German and Drawing, each..... 20 00
Music..... 40 00
August 11, 1858. REV. P. REILLY, President
jy9 1y

ACADEMY MOUNT ST. VINCENT, Near Yonkers, Westchester County, New York. The splendid new Academy lately erected at Font Hill, on the east bank of the Hudson will be open for the reception of pupils on the first Monday of September. For beauty and sublimity of scenery, pure and salubrious air and extensive view this location cannot be surpassed
TERMS PER ACADEMIC YEAR.
The charge for board, and tuition in English and French, (including bed and bedding,) payable half-yearly in advance, $150; washing, $10; stationery and doctor's fees, $10. Music, drawing, painting, Spanish and German form extra charges.
For further information apply at the institution, or by letter to the Mother Superior.
N. B.—Visiters can reach the Academy at different hours of the day by the river steamers touching at Yonkers, by the Hudson River cars, which will stop on the grounds, or by private conveyance of the turnpike. je25 6m

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, NEAR Emmittsburg, Frederick Co. Md. The annual session of studies at Mt. St. Mary's College commences on the 24th of August and ends on the last Wednesday of June.
The terms for Board and Tuition, including the entire Classic and Scientific course, also, Doctor's Salary, Washing and Mending, Bed and bedding, are $200 per annum, viz: $100 for each half-year, always to be paid in advance. The charges for Music and Drawing are each $40 per annum; for each of the Modern Languages, $20 per annum.
The students are always under the watchful care and government of their Professors and Tutors, and form but one family with them. All are instructed in the doctrines, and trained to the practice of the Catholic religion.
Applicants for admission, who have studied in other Colleges or Academies, must produce certificates of good standing and character.
Youths not qualified to enter on the Collegiate course are admitted into the Preparatory Department.
my14 3m JOHN McCAFFREY, D. D. President.

HIGH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG MEN.—German Catholic School-house of the Most Holy Redeemer, 544 and 546 Fourth street, New York.
The classes will open and the institution will commence its second year on the first Monday in September.
The branches of education are: English, German, French, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Bookkeeping, Drawing, &c.
Terms for instruction very reasonable, and payments in advance.
For further particulars, apply to Rev. Father Helmpraecht, Director of the Academy and Rector of the Convent of the Most Holy Redeemer, 153 Third street, or to P. Lux, Principal of the Institution, 592 Fourth street. jy16 3m

SETON HALL COLLEGE, MADISON, N. J.—Studies will be resumed on Wednesday, August 24, 1859.
TERMS.
Board and Tuition, washing, mending, use of bed and bedding, per annum.....$225 00
Physicians Fees, per annum..... 2 00
Music and Drawing, each per annum..... 40 00
German, Italian and Spanish, each per ann.. 25 00
$40 extra will be charged to students who remain at the College during vacation. The number of students is limited to sixty.
je4 tf B. J. McQUAID, President.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY, Manhattanville, New York, under the direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.
The exercises for the ensuing Scholastic Year will commence on Monday, Aug. 29.
TERMS.
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum.....$180
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents.
Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.
TUITION.
The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.
The following are extra, viz: Instrumental Music, $60 per annum; Spanish and German Languages, each $24.
No extra charge for French or Drawing.
For further particulars apply personally or by letter to au6 tf BROTHER STYLIEN, Director.